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FIRST AID POINTERS FOR TELEPHONE MEN

Red Cross Agent to Give Demonstration Here Saturday.

FOR EMERGENCY CASES

How to Remove Victims from Live Wires—What to do to Revive Persons Suffering From Drowning or Shock by Electric Current.

A practical demonstration of "first aid" methods in rescuing persons from contact with electric wires, etc., will be given in Belleville on Saturday morning, next, by Dr. Matthew J. Shields, a field representative of the American Red Cross. The demonstration will be especially for the instruction of linemen and other employees of The Bell Telephone Company. Men employed by telegraph and telephone companies are constantly subject to danger from contact with electric current. In a word, Saturday's demonstration is aimed to show them just what to do in cases of emergency. Pointers on how to revive victims of accidents will also be given. The demonstration will be the first of the kind ever given in Belleville and should prove to be particularly interesting and instructive.

A recent issue of "The Telephone News," a magazine devoted to news dealing with telephone matters, contains a very interesting account of the "first aid" demonstrations being given by Dr. Shields. The article in question is splendidly illustrated. Here are a few pointers revealed for emergency treatment until a doctor may be summoned to the scene of the accident:

Cover burns or scalds with pyrid acid gauze as soon as possible to keep out the air. In cases of burns on the eye lime water should be used, never oil. Apply pyrid acid gauze or oil to burns caused by hot wax. Never attempt to scrape off the wax before treating the burn.

Artificial respiration is of prime importance for resuscitation after drowning, electric shock or suffocation by gas. In the Sylvester method of resuscitation the patient lies on his back. In the Schaeffer method the patient lies on his stomach. First of all, never stop to remove a patient to a cleaner room or do anything more than get him away from the cause of the current.

In the Sylvester treatment the patient's tongue is pulled out and held out by means of a bandage drawn under the chin. Place a pillow or rolled up coat under patient's shoulders. Remove collar and tie, loosen shirt and belt and move his arms over head and backward from fourteen to sixteen times a minute, no faster. Keep this up 45 minutes, unless the patient begins to breathe before that time. If you have help, the second man should press both hands at same time on lower ribs of patient as you press on his chest with the elbows. A third man may aid greatly by rubbing patient's limbs toward the body. Some times a sharp blow on the bottom of the feet with a stick will start the breathing.

In attempting to remove a man from a live wire never go at him with bare hands. Rubber gloves, a dry rubber coat, a board to stand on, a woolen coat or several thicknesses of newspaper will help to insulate your body and make it safe for you to touch the body through which the current is passing. A stick or a long-handled shovel may be used to push a man away from the wire. A coat held by two persons, each holding a sleeve, may be used in pulling him away from the wire. Never use a rope lest it should be the least bit damp and act as a conductor.

In removing foreign subjects from the eye use a loop of horse-hair or the corner of a soft handkerchief. Never allow a person to use a toothpick, match or pencil.

Annual School Banquet.

The pupils of the Ferguson township High School will hold their annual banquet on Friday evening, January 31st, at 8 o'clock, in the I. O. O. F. Hall, at Pine Grove Mills. There will be an interesting playlet entitled "A Case of Suspicion," and a comic drama, "Deaf as a Post." In the cast the participants will be Mary K. Kepler, Beatrice O. Mong, Helen W. Decker, Christopher M. Smith, Earle M. Struble, Blair C. Paul, Margaret H. Glenn, Wilbur R. Decker, Bertha E. Smith, Newton A. Miller, Charles E. Sunday, William J. E. Smith. There will also be remarks by Wilbur R. Decker and an address by Prof. Frank I. Paul. The stage assistants will be Naomi Stover, Athalia Ward, E. W. Tate and Ralph Dunlap.

KILLED ON STATE ROAD

Fred Evey, of State College, Meets Death Under Falling Rock.

Fred Evey, a young man residing at State College, was instantly killed while at work on the State road nearby that place. A huge rock fell upon him while he was at work in a hole in the ground. His neck was broken.

Funeral services for the unfortunate young man were held on Saturday.

Parcels Post Busy.

The parcels post business has been increasing so rapidly that it is quite apparent additional carriers will have to be attached to not only the Belleville post-office but to a number of others in nearby towns. Even before the new service was inaugurated the local carriers here had more than they could handle and deliveries were late rather than on time. Now they are weighed down to such an extent that it is difficult for them to make anything like prompt deliveries. For instance, yesterday Edward Woods, carrier for the lower end of town, limped into "The Republican" office fairly smothered underneath packages which were additional to his regular mail matter. One of the packages happened to be for this office. It contained two iron cog wheels, weighing seven or eight pounds, and there seemed to be other packages in the lot weighing still more. During the first seven days with the parcels post in operation the State College postoffice received 353 packages and sent out 251. To facilitate the parcels post delivery there a horse and buggy has been pressed into service. Aside from the problem of handling the increased service, the Belleville post-office needs one or more additional carriers to deliver mail in the business section, exclusively. This would result in a more prompt delivery for business houses and at the same time make possible better service to the residential sections of the town.

New Athletes for State.

The Philadelphia "Public Ledger" on Monday said that Harry Berry, of Philadelphia Northeast High School's great all-around athlete, will likely enter State College within a few days. It has been known for some time that influential persons have been working in an effort to get Berry to enter the Belleville institution. Should he come out for baseball he will very likely secure a varsity berth at shortstop, and there is very little doubt about his making the football team next fall. Berry is one of the best football and baseball players ever turned out of Northeast, and the Archives will miss him next year in those branches of sport. He played shortstop on the team that won the scholastic championship last spring and was a hero in the football game against West Philadelphia last fall. His playing for Northeast in that game will long be remembered by the students of the Lehigh avenue school. Louis Hayes, who was considered to be the best scholastic center, has thought of entering State College, and it would not be surprising to hear of his going with Berry. Hayes is young, but has the strength of a college man. He is at present playing on the Archives' basketball team.

Hospital Notes.

Admitted for Treatment—Millican Richards, Julian; Robert Way, Port Matilda; Elmer J. Clark, Wadley; Steve Boskwick, Clarence.

Operations—Mrs. Emily Shawley, Curtin; Mrs. Mary Boughman, Curtin; Mrs. Louise Snawley, Belleville.

Discharged—Martin Keller, Centre Hall; Mrs. Leder Korman, State College. 34 patients now in the hospital.

Accident May Cost Eye.

Samuel Zettle, who lives on a farm nearby the fish hatchery, met with an accident last week which may cost him the sight of one eye. While working about the farm a missile happened to strike him in the eye. He was removed to Williamsport on Saturday. There it was found that the injury was so serious that it might result in the loss of the eye.

County Auditors in Session.

County Auditors Hoy, Brungart and Goss this week entered upon the annual audit of the books of the several County offices. The audit will cover the first year of the county officials elected in November, 1911, or January 1, 1912, to December 31, 1912, inclusive.

Some Scandal.

Millheim has this week been no little worked up over a local scandal that may find its way into the courts. The details if published would never get through the mails—not even via the parcels post route.

ALTER NAMED SPEAKER WITHOUT PARTY CAUCUS

Legislature Organized on Tuesday Under Unique Conditions.

NEW IDEAS PREVAILED

Committees of Both Branches to be Selected by Committee of All Parties Instead of Being Appointed by Presiding Officers.

The Pennsylvania Legislature met and organized on Tuesday, with Representative George E. Alter, of Pittsburgh, chosen as Speaker of the House and Senator Daniel P. Gerberich, of Lebanon, as President Pro Tem of the Senate. Both presiding officers were chosen without having first been named in a party caucus. Representative Gramley, of Centre County, was among those to vote for Alter for Speaker. Senator Alexander, representing the Centre-Clearfield district, voted for Dr. Gerberich for presiding officer of the Senate.

The make-up of the Legislature, in both Senate and House, is one where neither old-line Republicans, Progressives or Democrats have a majority. Had the Progressives and Democrats combined in the Senate they could have named the presiding officer. For Speaker of the House Mr. Alter was really the choice of the Progressives, although he had behind him the support of the State administration. The greater part of the Philadelphia delegation, as controlled by Senator Penrose, Senator McNichol and the Vares, voted for John R. K. Scott, of that city, for Speaker.

Two ballots were necessary to elect Mr. Gerberich in the Senate, the first resulting: Gerberich, 24½; Senator McIlhenny, Independent Republican, Philadelphia, 12½, and Senator Herbst, Berks County, Democrat, 13. On the second ballot Dr. Gerberich got 31 votes, or 5 more than enough to elect. Five ballots were taken to elect the Speaker. On the first Alter had 76, or lacking 28 of the necessary 104; John R. K. Scott got 55; Shaffer, Democrat, got 56, and several others received scattering votes. On the fifth ballot Alter had 107, Scott had 47 and Shaffer 53.

For the first time in the history of the Republican party the Republicans in the House failed to hold a caucus attended by a majority. A House Republican caucus was attempted on Monday night, with the result that but 57 members attended, and of these several declared publicly their unwillingness to be bound by the caucus action unless the total number present showed a clear majority of the House. The caucus, such as it was, endorsed the candidacy of John R. K. Scott, of Philadelphia. Representative Gramley was among the Republicans who did not attend. The endorsement of Scott was an empty honor; since the total vote represented was barely half the number necessary to elect in the House. Representative G. W. Allen, of Allegheny County, who had been in the field as the choice of the so-called Magee faction in Pittsburgh, was also presented to the caucus. On the roll call Scott received 34, Allen 17, and G. E. Alter 5. Alter's name was not formally presented, but he received five complimentary votes.

Aside from the speakership contest was the development of a situation resulting in the selection of a committee to select the several committees of the House. This marks another departure from the custom of years gone by. In the past it has been the practice for the Speaker to appoint the committees, this in itself vesting in the Speaker unlimited power. Shorn of this tremendous power the Speaker will be largely a figurehead. Another practice which will prevail in this Legislature will be one giving to any thirty members the privilege of forcing out of committee any bill being unfairly held back. This is a reform which is greatly needed. In past years the chairman of a committee had it within his power to strangle proposed legislation by pocketing and holding back any bill or bills referred to his committee. It required a two-thirds vote of the House to force a bill out of committee or place one on the calendar which had been reported with a negative recommendation.

Guardmen at Inauguration.

Pennsylvania will be represented at the inauguration of President Wilson, at Washington, on March 4th, if a resolution adopted by the Legislature on Tuesday is approved by Governor Tener. It is believed the Governor will sign it.

Read "The Republican" \$1 a year in advance.

GOV. TENER BOUNCES FACTORY DEPT. CHIEF

Capt. John C. Delaney Removed from Office at Harrisburg.

HAS GRAFT CONFESSION

Ousted Official Said to Possess Death Statement by John H. Sanderson, One of the Convicted Men in the Capital Scandal.

Governor Tener on Monday, last, removed from office Captain John C. Delaney, State Factory Inspector. The Governor's action followed an admission by Captain Delaney that he had in his possession for eighteen months a written confession made by John H. Sanderson, who was convicted for grafting in the furnishing of the Capital at Harrisburg. The confession in question was said by Captain Delaney to have been made by Sanderson shortly before his death. The incident created a sensation in political circles in Harrisburg.

To Charles R. Michael, a staff correspondent of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" is due the credit for unearthing the fact that the Sanderson confession was in existence and that it was in the possession of Captain Delaney. Mr. Michael on Saturday announced this in a despatch to his newspaper from Harrisburg. Captain Delaney's remarkable statement that he had the confession in a vault, that he had never made it public and that he had kept it for eighteen months or more, and that he had no intention of making it public unless so requested by Mrs. Sanderson, came like a bolt out of the clear sky. Some politicians viewed the Delaney statement as a threat timed to force prominent public officials to come to his aid in securing reappointment at the hands of Governor Tener. Delaney's time would not have expired until May, but labor organizations and others had filed charges against him and these were under consideration by Governor Tener. Delaney let it be known that the Sanderson confession implicated men "higher up" whose names had not previously appeared in connection with the Capital scandal.

If Captain Delaney's purpose was intended to in any way influence Governor Tener it missed the mark, for on Sunday the Governor summoned Delaney and following a conference made this statement:

"I do not intend to retain Capt. Delaney in his present office or appoint him to any other position with this administration."

"If he has any information which should be made public and which he withholds because of his position, I want to relieve him of that embarrassment."

"I have always understood the appointing power had the power to remove; hence Mr. Delaney will go at once, for the good of the service."

Whether Delaney will change his mind and make public the Sanderson confession is unknown, although by some it is believed he will do so. When informed of the Governor's statement, Delaney said:

"I regret that snap judgment has been taken in this matter without allowing me to resign," he said. "Why, I saw the governor this evening and had an interview with him and he gave me no intimation of his intention, although I gave him every opportunity to do so."

"Will you make a statement later?"

"I have absolutely nothing to say for the present."

"Will you make public the confession of Sanderson?"

"I have already said I would not do that except at the urgent request of Mrs. Sanderson." Then he added: "And I might not do it then."

Would Have Clubs Licensed.

In his message to the Legislature on Tuesday Governor Tener urges the adoption of a law prohibiting the dispensing of liquor on Sunday by social clubs. It is his belief that such clubs should be required to take out licenses as is done by hotels.

Will Hold Festival.

The members of the High School at Pine Grove Mills will hold a festival in the I. O. O. F. hall, at Pine Grove Mills, on Saturday 11th. The proceeds will be used in defraying the expenses of the graduation class of 1913. Everybody welcome.

FOR JURY DUTY

List of Those Drawn for Grand and Traverse Jury Service.

GRAND JURORS.

The following list of grand jurors have been drawn for the fourth Monday of February 1913: Porter Black, laborer, Rush. William H. Bitter, laborer, Liberty. John H. Bost, laborer, Benner. W. T. Cox, farmer, Boggs. Harry Conner, farmer, Penn. Frank Crawford, merchant, Belleville. D. W. Diehl, farmer, Walker. Alfred Durr, gentleman, Centre Hall. Allen Hoy, farmer, Walker. John E. Homer, clerk, Phillipsburg. Geo. H. Leathers, real estate agent, Howard. Frank Moyer, moulder, Curtin. J. B. Meek, merchant, State College. Wallace Mueser, carpenter, College. Samuel McClintock, shoemaker, Potter. Ralph Kieker, laborer, Potter. George Roman, farmer, Ferguson. A. W. Reese, merchant, Worth. J. H. Russell, mason, Miles. J. H. Shuey, farmer, College. D. W. Sweetwood, sawyer, Gregg. Samuel Sprout, farmer, Walker. Clarence Tate, plumber, Spring. George F. Weaver, farmer, Gregg.

TRAVERSE JURORS.

The following list of traverse jurors were drawn for the fourth Monday of February, 1913: George Apperman, farmer, Worth. Archie Allison, merchant, Belleville. Samuel Bitter, farmer, Potter. George F. Breen, farmer, Gregg. Harry Brooks, teacher, Spring. J. M. Brooks, painter, Spring. William Bitter, farmer, Howard. W. K. Corl, farmer, Ferguson. William Dietz, farmer, Howard. Elmer Evey, contractor, State College. Gay Ertley, laborer, Marion. George Everhart, farmer, Potter. William Everhart, farmer, College. W. I. Forney, butcher, Phillipsburg. Frank Galbraith, jeweler, Belleville. J. H. Griffin, merchant, Halfmoon. Altona Grove, merchant, Snow Shoe. John Gumbo, laborer, Ferguson. Frank Hoyer, laborer, Snow Shoe. J. W. Harter, merchant, Miles. William Hassinger, lime burner, Spring. Joseph Holter, laborer, Howard. George Jodon, laborer, Potter. D. L. Kerstetter, carpenter, Penn. David Kinkade, farmer, Rush. J. W. Kerr, laborer, Rush. George Keller, laborer, Spring. George M. Kellock, merchant, Phillipsburg. Edwin Linzie, laborer, Gregg. John F. Lucas, merchant, Snow Shoe. John P. Mueser, marble dealer, Millheim. C. A. Miller, farmer, Potter. Harry McDowell, gentleman, Howard. Joseph McCulley, moulder, Belleville. Newton Neidigh, farmer, Ferguson. Emanuel Noll, farmer, Boggs. A. C. Ripka, farmer, Potter. Samuel Shay, laborer, Howard. George W. Schell, farmer, College. J. L. Shope, farmer, Boggs. Charles Smith, stone mason, Ferguson. H. J. Tibbels, gentleman, Belleville. Thomas M. Tressler, farmer, Benner. A. C. Thompson, salesman, Phillipsburg. E. H. Wolf, teacher, Miles. Abner Williams, farmer, Unionville. Samuel Walker, farmer, Rush. J. W. Zerby, farmer, Rush.

TRAVERSE JURORS.

The following list of traverse jurors drawn for the first Monday of March 1913: John F. Anderson, laborer, Belleville. W. O. Bower, laborer, Haines. Homer Barnes, merchant, Belleville. Joseph W. Bower, butcher, Belleville. J. T. Burgess, laborer, Phillipsburg. John Canda, laborer, State College. C. W. Crain, lumberman, Worth. James C. Curtin, gentleman, Belleville. Fred Dunham, editor, Howard. Thomas Donachy, laborer, Belleville. Thomas Fleming, shoemaker, Belleville. John A. Finkbinder, freeman, Belleville. George Glavin, minister, Phillipsburg. Charles L. Gates, reporter, Belleville. Thomas Houser, clerk, State College. R. B. Johnson, marble dealer, Belleville. Henry Knoffmeyer, farmer, Spring. Thomas F. Kelly, coal operator, Snow Shoe. Jacob Kramler, foreman, State College. David Keatley, carpenter, Unionville. Michael Lamb, painter, Spring. Wilbur F. Leathers, teacher, Howard. B. F. Lockard, laborer, Spring. W. M. Myers, farmer, Harris. C. D. Mott, lumberman, Haines. Morris Miller, carpenter, Belleville. Thomas Mann, laborer, Howard. A. G. Noll, shoemaker, Belleville. J. Linn Pletcher, farmer, Howard. David Robb, farmer, Liberty. J. H. Ross, merchant, Harris. David Roush, foreman, Benner. Michael Shields, carpenter, Belleville. Tempest Slinger, miner, Rush. Earle C. Tuten, insurance agent, Belleville. Samuel Ulrich, farmer, Gregg. A. J. Walker, laborer, Snow Shoe. Thomas R. Weber, painter, State College. A. W. Wilmer, farmer, Benner. P. W. Young, barber, Worth.

Unionville Council Organized.

Unionville Borough Council organized on Monday, January 6, 1912, by electing Dr. W. U. Irwin, President; E. J. Williams, Clerk, and Thomas Eckenroth, Treasurer. The meeting night will be the second Monday of each month, at 8 o'clock. President Irwin will appoint his committees by the next meeting.

Bean in Child's Ear.

Mary, the 4-years-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Tilson, of Sinking valley, on Sunday stuck a bean in her ear and then found she could not get it out again. The child was taken to the Altoona hospital and placed under an anaesthetic, after which the bean was easily removed.

Read "The Republican" \$1 a year.

EDK. K. RHOADS DEAD; WELL KNOWN CITIZEN

Seriously Ill But Few Days—Passed Away Monday.

INTERMENT YESTERDAY

Services Conducted from Late Home on West Linn Street—Deceased Was Engaged Many Years in Coal Business in Belleville.

Edward K. Rhoads, one of the best known citizens and business men in Belleville, died at his late home on West Linn Street at 9.55 o'clock on Monday morning, last. He had not enjoyed any too rugged health for some time, but the illness which hastened his death had its inception only on the previous Friday. On the morning of that day he was seized with a vomiting spell. This continued for several hours and toward evening resulted in periods of hiccupping.

On Saturday the condition of Mr. Rhoads was such as to occasion no little uneasiness on the part of his sister, Miss Rebecca N. Rhoads, who was constantly at his side. There was little if any improvement on Sunday. Early Monday morning Miss Rhoads appreciated the gravity of her brother's condition. Drs. Seibert and Locke were summoned, but a system already weakened by continued illness failed to respond to treatment and Mr. Rhoads passed peacefully away at the time noted. His brother, Joseph J. Rhoads, a Pennsylvania Railway official with headquarters at Altoona, was called to Belleville early on Monday and arrived here during the day.

Funeral services were held from the late residence of the deceased on Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt, of the Reformed church, and Rev. Dr. G. E. Hawes, of the Presbyterian church. Interment was made in the Friends cemetery.

Edward Keesbey Rhoads was born in Belleville, July 16, 1867, and was the son of the late Judge Daniel and Maria Dick Smith Rhoads. He was for many years book-keeper for Lawrence L. Brown at the latter's coal yard. When Mr. Brown finally relinquished the business it was acquired by Mr. Rhoads, who conducted it continuously to the time of his death. He was a man who was known for his honesty and integrity in his business affairs, he held a position high in the respect of the community in which he lived and his death is sincerely mourned by those who knew and were able to appreciate his many noble qualities.

Surviving Mr. Rhoads are one sister, Rebecca Naomi, at Altoona, and one brother, Joseph J., of Altoona.

Decide "Corners" Illegal.

The supreme court of the United States on Monday laid down the far-reaching principle that "corners" of interstate commodities, such as articles of clothing and food are in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law, and held that, as far as the Sherman law was concerned, the indictment in the New York federal court of James Patton, Eugene G. Scales, Frank H. Payne and William P. Brown for "conspiring to run an alleged cotton corner," was valid. The case against them was sent back for trial or other proceedings.

Justice Vandevanter, announced the opinion of the court. Justice Lurton delivered a dissenting opinion in which Chief Justice White and Justice Holmes concurred. The majority of the court held that the circuit court for southern New York had decided that the indictment charged a "withholding" of the cotton from the market, a necessary element of a corner, as admitted by the government.

Brakeman Died from Injuries

Roy E. Weirick, a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Weirick, of Petersburg, died last Friday in the Harrisburg hospital from injuries received on the middle division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was employed as a brakeman and was caught between two cars, being painfully crushed. He is survived by a widow, who was Miss Mary Marsden, of Roaring Springs, and a little daughter who is but one year old. The funeral was held at Altoona.

New Sheriff for Mifflin County.

Governor Tener last Saturday announced the appointment of Mitchell Bricker, of Lewistown, to be sheriff of the county of Mifflin, vice Allen Fultz, deceased.

Goes into History as Period of Remarkable Achievement.

Reviewing the year 1912 from a business standpoint, *Business Week's* Report says:

Nineteen hundred and twelve was a year of remarkable achievement in agriculture, in trade and in industry. It saw set up many new records of crop yield, of commodity price movement, of foreign and domestic trade and of manufacturing. It observed some notable changes along political lines, witnessing the overwhelming defeat of the party dominating the country absolutely for sixteen years, and with the exception of two presidential terms had continued national affairs for over half a century, the birth of a new political organization, while heralding the return to national power of an organization which had lain dormant practically since 1896. It saw registered some great changes in legislation and some new high definitions of existing laws, which, however, seemed to be received with equanimity if not with actual indifference. Despite the interest, approaching excitement, apparently inseparable from American national elections, the country's business moved forward with some irregularities visible at times, it is true, but, on the whole, with a steadiness and an indifference to clamor, whether of political or of quasi-economic origin, which was refreshing to those who had not lost faith in the republic, and comforting to those who believe that in beneficent crop returns and sober, solid hard work and industry, rather than in political nostrums, is to be found true conservation and real national progress. The country's participation in international politics was along peaceful lines, and while the interdependence of the nations subjected it to strains growing out of European war and financial disturbance, it was spared the alarms or the open hostilities which afflicted all the nations of the old world and some countries in the western hemisphere. Briefly stated, it was a period of peaceful progress and plentiful production during which were laid some firm foundations for a season of prosperity in the current year.

Perhaps the most notable development in the year's commercial history—a really new happening as it proved—was the serenity with which the business world awaited and surveyed the year's domestic political changes. The presidential election and threatened tariff changes were alike contemplated almost with indifference, and, indeed, the most active month of the year in wholesale lines was that immediately preceding the election. Of the real substantial drawbacks of the year might be mentioned cold weather early; a wet, cold, backward spring and delayed agricultural operations, which acted as depressive elements. The first five months of the year were periods of relative dullness in demand in many lines, and especially in retail distribution, but with the growth of assurance of large crops, trade and industry gathered confidence; demand, though tempered by conservatism, expanded greatly, and the last seven months comprised a season of activity, this despite drawbacks such as an unseasonably mild fall, which restricted retail operations the high, in fact record, levels of commodity prices, with concededly narrowed margins of profits; deficiencies in transportation inseparable from the distribution of record crops and enormous industrial outputs, and the tightness of money attributable alike to domestic crop moving and commercial needs, and strained foreign financial conditions which prevented the normal movement hence of gold in settlement of our unprecedented export trade.

Favorable conditions are in the majority as the new year opens. Easily first in this category are basic crop results, which tend to exert a steadily widening influence as they pass into human and animal consumption. To an extent probably never before exceeded, the crops have been gathered, housed or marketed in good condition, and cheaper food, which lies at the base of all industrial effort, seems likely to be one beneficial feature. As to future crops, it may be said that the winter-wheat crop starts out with a better condition though with a smaller area than a year ago. Orders now on the books of manufacturers and wholesalers are sufficient to keep most lines busy until spring arrives. In lines where bookings run beyond the spring and up to the fall, as in iron and steel and some lines of textiles, raw material prices abroad as well as at home render sharp changes in manufacturing costs unlikely. Active employment for all able or willing to work is not the least important foundation for future good conservation demand. Conservatism bred of past years of strain has made for cautious buying, and nowhere are burdensome stocks pressing for sale, while activity in trade abroad, with high prices prevailing, precludes dumping of surplus foreign goods coincident with the confidently expected revision of the tariff. It seems to be the consensus that this latter operation should be pushed rapidly to a conclusion in order that the period of uncertainty shall be limited, and the calling of an extra session for early in April will be in line with this desire.

Pending action on this matter, business operations will probably continue to be governed by conservatism, but not by pessimism. In this connection the firmness of the money market will have, if anything, a favorable effect by tending to limit speculation and to modify what might otherwise tend to be oversanguine reaching out for new fields of endeavor. A volume of business ample enough to allow of fair margins of profit seems within sight for the first half of this year, and beyond this conservative financial, commercial and manufacturing interests will hesitate to operate extensively until something definite can be known of the ultimate crop results of 1913.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers.

William W. Schenck to Mary E. Schenck, premises in Howard Borough; \$500.

Edwin Strunk, et ux, to Bertha A. Cox, lot in State College; \$400.

Joseph L. Womer, et ux, to Charles D. Moore, lot in State College; \$350.

Thomas F. Kelly, et ux, to Kato Coal Co., 35 tracts of land in Centre Co.; \$36,000.

Hannah E. Huzzard, et baron, to Elizabeth Stine, 2 acres in Philipsburg; \$40.

William Colyer, et ux, to Harry E. Fleisher, premises in Potter township; \$50.

Harry E. Fleisher to William H. Lee, premises in Potter township; \$50.

Wallace V. Strouse, et ux, to Mary A. Garver, premises in Spring township; \$950.

Charles F. Shaw, et ux, to Gay C. Given, lot in State College; \$500.

Horace C. Dale, et ux, to Blanche E. Musser, premises in College township; \$324.93.

Lehigh Valley Coal Co. to Edward Craft, lot in Snow Shoe Borough; \$110.

John C. Frantz, et ux, to A. Wallace Templeton, tract in Taylor township; \$1.

M. C. Gephart, et ux, to John C. Frantz, tract in Taylor township; \$1.

Catherine Gorman, admx, to Thomas Reese, et al, tract in Rush township; \$750.

Joseph Reese, et al, to Thomas Reese, tract in Rush township; \$1.

John P. Condo, Sheriff, to Excelsior P. & L. Assoc., tract in Boggs township; \$500.

Women Discard Trousers.

Chinatown soon will lose all its old time picturesque. All daughters of the Orient have started upon a grand dressmaking bee.

The Government edict has gone forth from Peking and was published recently in San Francisco Chinese papers that the poetic trousers of old are to be discarded by Chinese women and their proper garb shall be the Occidental skirt.

The sumptuary edict bans not only trousers but the panning skirt as well.

The edict also provides drastic changes for men's garments. The frock or cantaway coat is prescribed as the only business garb. The derby hat has the exclusive field for every day and the high hat for society. High calfskin or low tan shoes are permitted the men, while women may wear any style of shoe.

The younger Chinese boys effect college costume, with wide trousers and auto caps. Silk has been abandoned and with it has gone much which made the Chinese quarter picturesque.

Steals a Hot Stove.

Michael Slater, an old riverman who lives in a shanty boat near Brownsville, Pa., visited the livery stable of S. H. Brown & Co. several days ago. He wrapped several wet bags around a hot stove, carried it to his shanty about half a mile away and set it up for the winter. The stove had just been filled by a stable hand who then went about his work. Slater was passing and stepped in for the stove.

When he was arrested he said: "No one was using the stove and I thought I would just borrow it for the night."

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the postoffice for the week ending January 4th, 1913: Dr. B. Bernhart, Dr. E. M. Bingham, A. R. Clark, James Farak, Ida Harner, Mr. and Mrs. J. William Henney, J. W. Hicksdon, E. Hoy, Jacob McCarragher, Dr. F. M. Sunnaday. Persons calling for these letters will kindly explain to the postmaster that the same have been advertised in "The Republican".

Insane Man Jumps From Train.

Alonzo Kerr, demented, jumped from a passenger train last week while he was being taken to the Warren Insane Asylum and was instantly killed. He pretended that he wanted to get a drink and when near the front door of the smoking car he suddenly opened it, ran out and jumped from the platform. The train was near DuBois at the time. Kerr was 35 years of age.

Nap Costs Doctor \$75.

It was a costly nap that Dr. J. A. Benner, a South Bethlehem veterinarian, took in his office last Friday. While he slept peacefully a sneak thief cut a slit in his stocking and took \$75 which had been placed there for safe-keeping.

Read "The Republican," \$1 a year in advance.

The Resourceful Housewife.
In the club they were comparing the resourcefulness of their wives in difficult social situations. The man who lives in a Harlem flat had been a good listener, but he finally found an opening.

"Yes," said he, "my wife isn't bad at that sort of thing. We were having some people to luncheon one Sunday last spring, and just at an hour when all the delicatessens were closed she discovered that she needed some mustard and didn't have a grain of it in the kitchen. And she isn't the sort that will borrow from people next door that she doesn't know. It was a bad fix all right. But she got mustard enough."

"Went to the delicatessen man's house and routed him out, I suppose?" suggested a member from the Bronx.

"Not much. Just went to the medicine closet, got down a box of ready made mustard plasters, put 'em to soak and squeezed enough of the hot stuff off."

"Good night," said the man from the Bronx.—New York Globe.

Early Diplomats to Turkey.

Some of the early diplomats accredited to Constantinople had unpleasant experiences even in times of peace. In 1673 the grand vizier, having intercepted some French dispatches, tried to borrow the cipher of the embassy. Delahaye, the first secretary, who refused to accede to this request, was thrown into prison, where he was bastinadoed and all his teeth were broken. Louis XIV. was then at the height of his power, yet no reprisals were made for this treatment of his representative. Until the middle of the eighteenth century the foreign envoys in Constantinople were under close supervision. They were forbidden to visit one another's houses or to meet elsewhere. When a protest was lodged against this restriction the Grand Vizier Sokoll replied, "You can jabber together as much as you like when you return to Christendom, but we will not have you plotting among yourselves here."—London Chronicle.

Rain Making Fallacies.

The United States weather bureau has many times given its opinion that the production of rain at a time when it would not otherwise have fallen cannot be brought about by any means in the power of man. The enormous weight of air in a storm cloud of even moderate extent prevents our believing that a discharge of powder or dynamite can affect the cloud. Even if a great shock could be given to the air, there is no reason to believe that a shock can condense water vapor to water drops, producing a cloud in clear air and causing a downfall of rain from the cloud thus formed. Water vapor is not condensed into water by a shock. It is condensed by cooling. The popular notion that rain is caused by great battles or other explosions is regarded by scientific men as entirely erroneous.—Scientific American.

Saved by Fireworks.

Sir Harry Johnston relates how a display of fireworks helped him out of a tight corner in South Africa when a friendly chief was attacked by a tribe called the Wak-kibosh and asked the Englishman to help him. Sir Harry says: "I made all necessary preparations for a grand display of fireworks, and when it was quite dark I blazed forth on the astonished savages with bengal lights, red fire, roman candles, serpent squibs and, lastly, a magnificent flight of rockets. The terrified Wak-kibosh scarcely waited to see the end of the show. When the first rocket rushed shrieking into the air and broke in a mass of blue and crimson falling meteors our astonished foes fled in dismay."—London Standard.

A Venerable Attendant.

One day a reader in the British museum library went to the librarian and asked if he could tell him where he could get some information about a Jewish rebellion which took place about A. D. 50. "You should consult Josephus," said the librarian, indicating the open shelves which line the walls.

"Why, yes, of course I should!" exclaimed the inquirer, as though remembrance had suddenly come to him. "That little white haired man coming toward us is Josephus, is he not?"

Called the Bluff.

The learned counsel was endeavoring to impress the court with the fact that his clients had always been anxious to settle. "My lord," he said impressively, "only eighteen months ago we held out the olive branch." "Yes," responded the witty judge, "but there were no olives on it."

Significant.

"Albert, what did your sister say when you told her I was in the parlor waiting?" inquired the hopeful young man.

"Nothing." But she took a ring off one finger and put it on another.—Lippincott's.

Rough Recoil.

"My dear girl, you spend all your money getting your hand read."

"And you spend all yours, old boy, in getting your nose red."—London Tatler.

The Wrong Way to Riches.

Don't expect to get rich letting other people attend to your business while you are attending to other people's business.—Boston Globe.

Epitaphy.

Epitaph for a miserly man: "His head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain softened, but his heart couldn't."—New Orleans Picayune.

"FOR SAFETY FIRST"

Pennsylvania Railroad Adopts This Slogan as Guide for Employees.

What will probably be the greatest railroad safety movement ever inaugurated is that which the Pennsylvania Railroad, co-operating with other lines in the Eastern territory, is just starting. The Pennsylvania has for some time been exerting efforts to increase the safety of travel and employment on its railroad; in fact, this Road was the pioneer in safety work for the protection of passengers, employees and trespassers.

As one illustration of the interest taken by railroad employees in the safety movement, over thirteen hundred people attended a Pennsylvania Railroad safety rally in Trenton, New Jersey, early in December. Lectures illustrated with photographs, lantern slides and tables of statistics were given by members of the railroad's safety committee.

With the view that a campaign for safety can only be made effective if the general public as well as railroad employees become interested, the Pennsylvania is organizing open "Safety First" meetings to be held in Altoona, Wilmington, Williamsport, Pittsburgh, Washington and other division points and has invited all the railroads running into those cities to co-operate.

Definite arrangements are being made for the meetings in Altoona and Harrisburg and it is expected that in addition to the practical talks to be given by employees of the different railroads, and by R. C. Richards, Chairman of the General Safety Committee of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, there will be short addresses by some of the railroad executives.

A circular advertising the Altoona meeting says: "You will be entertained—that's worth something. You will gain information for your own protection—that's worth more. For the convenience of employees desiring to attend this meeting, special trains will be run or additional facilities provided on regular trains. The purpose of this meeting is to advance the cause of safety. Do your part."

COMFORTING WORDS

Many a Bellefonte Household Will Find Them So.

To have the pains and aches of a bad back removed—to be entirely free from annoying, dangerous urinary disorders, is enough to make any kidney sufferer grateful. The following advice of one who has suffered will prove comforting words to hundreds of Bellefonte readers.

Mrs. J. P. Thal, 23 W. Thomas St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I am very grateful to Doan's Kidney Pills for what they have done for me. My back ached for a long time and I had severe pains in my kidneys, headaches and attacks of dizziness. The kidney secretions caused me no end of annoyance. When my attention was called to Doan's Kidney Pills, I procured a supply at Green's Pharmacy Co. and it did not take them long to give me relief. I cheerfully recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone having kidney complaint. I still have unlimited confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills for whenever I have used them in the past two years, they have benefited me. You may continue to publish my former endorsement."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name Doan's—and take no other.—Advt.

Took Overdose of Cocaine.

J. C. Mahaffey, 32 years old, died at the St. Charles hotel, in Lewistown last Friday under peculiar circumstances. Mahaffey arrived at the hotel late in the evening and procured a room from the night clerk, Howard Reigle, who several hours later discovered that the man was breathing heavily and evidently unconscious. Dr. Barnett was summoned and found Mahaffey unconscious, with evidence of an overdose of cocaine. He administered emetics without result and the victim died about five hours later. A search proved that Mahaffey had about twelve drachms of the drug on his person when he entered the hotel and only about four drachms remained. His father made the statement that his son had been addicted to the habit since the death of his mother two years ago but that he had always kept him within sight and at night took any of the drug he might have about him.

Poor Roads Bring Sentence.

Ira Moser, Jonathan Beidleman and I. V. Bachman, supervisors of Williams township, Northampton County, have been convicted in the criminal courts before Judge Stewart for failure to keep the public roads in their district in passable condition. One of the highways, known as the Springtown road, was in such poor shape that the Postoffice Department discontinued the free delivery route. The defendants were directed by the Court to pay the costs of prosecution, which amounted to over \$400.

CONVICTS GIVE SHOW

Men in Western Penitentiary Have New Year's Entertainment.

Convicts in the Western Penitentiary, many of whom will be transferred to Bellefonte in the spring, broke the monotony of prison life on New Year's day and celebrated with a "home talent" entertainment. Telling of the novel incident, the Pittsburgh Gazette Times published the following:

The minstrel boys of Riverside put on their annual show New Year's day afternoon to the education of some, 500 or more of their fellows and to the rejoicing of their own hearts inasmuch as they demonstrated that they could "come back." It is no small thing to come back when one has the opportunity only once a twelve month, when a voice that has been used in whispers all the rest of the time must be raised in song and legs and feet which are called upon to do the pas-ma-la.

The Nonpareil Club of Riverside, as the minstrels elected to be called, had been practicing for several weeks on the stunts they were to pull off and many were the surprises they sprung—but just the same no one imagined they would manifest such finish throughout as they did. Of course, it was to be expected that the orchestra would show to advantage because it had the opportunity of practicing right along, but the chorus was a thing to surprise. Had there been a tenor or two more it would have made an ensemble to which even an impresario might have listened with interest; as it was, there have been worse choruses heard at an admission price than that which regaled the inmates of the Western Penitentiary and several visitors on the afternoon of a bright New Year's Day.

It was a sort of finish of the holiday week which Warden John Francis not only permitted, but insisted upon. There had been an exceptionally good dinner an hour or so earlier, just as there had been on Christmas, and the remainder of the afternoon was devoted to the concert which the Nonpareil Club, assisted by Messrs. Bars, Bolts, Locks, Keys & Co., and a Great Galaxy of Stars in Stripes had arranged. The whole affair, according to the program, had been put on at enormous expense and through "the kindness of the courts of Western Pennsylvania."

The show was an old-fashioned minstrel affair with two parts, and the grand finale. There were plenty of jokes, both original and borrowed, not a few of which, naturally, were at the expense of the officials, who sat down in the auditorium and for once in the year had no come back. Following the song part of the program there was an offering of vaudeville, some of which discovered talent of the real sort and several numbers which would not have shamed the professional stage. Everything about the program was the work of the inmates of the prison, aside from some of the more fancy costumes which had been borrowed for the occasion. The wit and song and the sentiment and the spirit were all home-made—and this is what made the whole performance so much more the appealing.

For it seemed as if every member of the east from the debonair interlocutor to the rowdiest "Bones" had set himself out to make everyone in the house forget his surroundings and really believe that this was a New Year's Day matinee with all that implies. And in a measure they succeeded for the little hour they strutted on their make-believe stage.

There were set faces with seemingly lifeless eyes which showed no animation except once or twice when the really admirable chorus burst forth in a stirring melody, or a young man with a tenor which confinement had not altogether robbed of its sweetness sang "The Songs My Mother Used to Sing." And then the stiffened lips relaxed and eyes shifted from straight front to see if other eyes were looking, and it seemed as if humanity had seeped in from the world outside.

On outside shone the bright sun of an almost-spring day, simply to breathe the air of which was to realize the joy of living. To those who came to visit, it was all a matter of course. To those within there came a glint of sunlight on their march from cell to chapel, where the show was held, which seemed an augury of that Happy New Year which everyone was wishing everyone the city over, and it carried with it the promise of better things—of stronger hope, of richer courage, of renewed ambition, of purer resolution or, at the very least, of greater resignation for those for whom the sun will never shine again without the dark gray walls.

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I will guarantee you to stop that itch in two seconds.

No remedy that I have ever sold for Eczema, Psoriasis, and all other diseases of the skin has given more thorough satisfaction than this.

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YOU WHO ARE SUFFERING THE TORTURES OF ECZEMA, WHOSE DAYS ARE MISERABLE, WHOSE NIGHTS ARE MADE SLEEPLESS BY THE TERRIBLE ITCHING, BURNING PAINS, LET ME SEND YOU A FREE TRIAL OF THE TREATMENT WHICH HAS CURED HUNDREDS WHICH I BELIEVE WILL CURE YOU. I WILL SEND IT FREE, POSTAGE PAID, WITHOUT ANY OBLIGATION ON YOUR PART. JUST WRITE ME A LETTER, OR SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD. I WILL SEND THE TREATMENT FREE OF COST TO YOU.



MARKETING FARM PRODUCTS

Discussed in Report of United States Secretary of Agriculture.

Systems of marketing farm products and the demand for them at trade centers are the subjects of a special report to Congress by the Secretary of Agriculture, recently published. The report was made by special direction of Congress in order that information might be at hand concerning the establishment of a division of markets in the Department of Agriculture. The Secretary specifies various items of service that could be performed by such an office, with recommendations that they be adopted, if it is created.

The report treats of the movement of farm products from the farm to consumer through a great variety of channels. The simplest distribution is the direct one of delivery by farmer to consumer, and next after this is the delivery by individual farmers or associations of farmers to individual consumers or associations of consumers. In these direct forms of distribution, the middleman is eliminated, although of course intermediate services are performed either by producers or by consumers or by both parties.

Among the varieties of middlemen concerned in the marketing of farm products are the traveling hucksters who go from farm to farm gathering eggs, butter, poultry, calves, and other commodities, which they sell to shippers, jobbers, or retail dealers. The country merchant is often the first receiver of such products as eggs, farm-made butter, poultry, wool, hides, cotton, and sometimes grain and hay. In regions where grain is the staple product, the tendency has been to displace the country merchant by the grain buyer and the local elevator man.

Farmers commonly sell through commission merchants and to some extent directly to wholesale and also retail dealers. The farmer who employs a trustworthy commission merchant who will handle his products honestly and honorably will get the current prices for them within the range of the commission merchant's business, but the farmer often finds himself in the hands of a commission merchant who falsely reports that the products were received in damaged condition or that they were of a grade lower than they were in fact, or he reports receiving prices lower than those actually received by him for the products. Worse than this, it is by no means rare that the commission merchant has sold the products and failed to return the net proceeds.

The Secretary of Agriculture has much to say concerning associative marketing by farmers, and the economic advantages are stated in detail. "A survey of the systems of marketing farm products clearly discovers what the farmers can do to their advantage. They must associate themselves together for the purpose of assembling their individual contributions of products, of shipping in carload lots, of obtaining market news at places to which it is practical to send their products, to sell in a considerable number of markets, if not in many markets, and to secure the various other economic gains of associative selling."

To carry out this suggestion, it is recommended that if Congress establishes a division of markets, a corps of traveling field agents be maintained to assist farmers to form associations for marketing their products.

It is also recommended that estimates of the prospective supply of fruits and vegetables, and perhaps other products not now represented in the quantitative estimates of the Department's crop reporting service, be made a short time before harvest, so that the farmer may "have in mind a fairly definite idea of the volume of the crop throughout the country in order that he may occupy a place in the market that is fair to himself or, as the case may be, a place in the market that is fair to the consumer."

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results. Refuse substitutes.

For sale at C. M. Parrish, druggist.

The Case Book of a Private Detective

True Narratives of Interesting Cases by a Former Operative of the William J. Burns Detective Agency

By DAVID CORNELL

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THE POPHAM CENTER MURDER

The Clearing Up of a Puzzling Case

If you have been reading the daily papers at all in the last two years you already know something of the Popham Center murder case. You know—for the reporters spent oceans of words in telling you—that Herman Bauder, the twelve year old son of a millionaire florist at Popham Center, Pennsylvania, was found dead on his father's lawn one July evening with his toy air rifle by his side, and absolutely no trace of why or how he met his death or who was responsible for the dastardly deed. Later it was discovered that the boy had died from suffocation, which further complicated the mystery; for how he could have succumbed in this fashion out there on the open lawn on a summer evening was inexplicable. More investigation showed that he had been choked. You know also how his father, frantic with grief, had raged, placed his fortune at the disposal of anyone who could clear up the mystery, and how for weeks the press rang with stories of one of the most sensational man hunts in the history of detective annals in this country.

All this and more you know if you were reading the papers at the time. What you do not know, and what I propose to tell, is how the mystery was cleared up in almost as startling a manner as that in which the crime had been committed. Starting to the layman, that is, for to Cluffer and myself, as operatives in the Burns Detective Agency, it came merely as part of the day's work, and to us in no way differed from scores of cases which we were assigned to clear up in order to earn our weekly salaries.

The Popham Center murder occurred on a Monday evening, and Tuesday morning the papers were playing up "The Popham Center Mystery." By this name the case became known. On the Thursday following the office manager of our agency sent word for me to go in and see the Chief, Cluffer, another operative, a short, bow-legged and good humored little Englishman, already was in conference with Burns. Cluffer was an old man in the office; I had been a detective only a few months.

"Cornell," said the Chief, "we've been retained to clear up that Popham Center case over in Pennsylvania. The sheriff and the police and the county detectives over there are all up in the air. They've already arrested three negroes for doing the job. It isn't likely that they've got the right man. There is a reward of five thousand dollars offered by the boy's father. In addition to that, the father's lawyer has retained us by wire. Now, you and Cluffer go over to Popham Center and clear that thing up."

I had been reading the newspaper accounts of the murder and had been impressed by the apparently insurmountable difficulties that lay in a solution of the case. It seemed mighty cool of the Chief to order us to run over and clear it up, but that is the way the modern high class detective agency works. Crime and the discovery of its perpetrators are only matters of business, and the high class agency handles them exactly as another kind of business office handles an order for goods.

"Have you any theory you want us to work on?" I asked.

"Yes," said the Chief. "It's a robbery crime, sure. The kid must have got hold of some money or valuables, and somebody must have put him out of the way to get them. That's the way these crimes most always shape up. I've listed two hundred of them, and petty robbery has been the motive in 190 cases. I don't know the situation over there, but that's the idea I want you to base your work on—until you find that I'm wrong, if I am wrong. If the thing looks very involved after you've been there three or four days, let me know by wire."

That was all. Cluffer and I cashed an order for expense money, packed our grips, and within two hours were whirling over New Jersey toward Pennsylvania bound for what afterwards proved to be one of the most exciting experiences of our lives.

We reached Popham Center late at night. It was a small, but exceedingly prosperous town in the foothills of the mountains, and Cluffer and I repaired to its single hotel. Naturally the place was buzzing with talk of the crime that for the moment had made it a place of national importance. The rooms at the hotel were all taken by reporters, photographers and artists from Philadelphia and New York, and Cluffer and I were lucky to find two cots available in one end of the hall. That night we met the sheriff of the county and were amazed to find that he considered the case already settled. He had given up work on it.

"I've got the right man," he said boastfully, "got him the first crack. We don't need you wise guys from the Big City to come over here and show us how to catch crooks—not over here. I knew these three niggers had been hanging around town for a couple of days, and just as soon as

I heard that Herman Bauder's kid had been murdered I knew who'd done the job, and threw these fellers into jail. Oh, we don't need you over here."

"Have these negroes confessed?" I asked.

"No, but they will after a few days of what we're giving 'em," laughed the sheriff. "Oh, we'll get 'em all right."

He readily agreed to let us talk with the prisoners. To us they told the same story they had told at the time of their arrest: at the time the murder must have been committed they were busily engaged in shooting craps in a colored poolroom in the poorer part of the town.

"Where did you get the money to shoot with?" asked Cluffer, suddenly.

"We'd been wukkin' for Mr. Brooks who runs the brickyard, 'wheelin' bricks all day," was the instant answer. "He done paid us off and we goes over to dis place and shoots a little craps all evenin'. We got folks can swear to dat."

"Where were you between the time you quit work and the time you were arrested?" I shot at them.

"We went straight to dis poolroom," they answered. "We wuz dere all doh time."

Next morning we investigated their story quietly. We found Brooks at his brickyard, and he substantiated the negroes' story about being paid off. They had left the brickyard at five minutes after five, and at the poolroom it was said they had arrived at 6:15, and had remained until late at night when they were arrested.

"Cross off the coons," said Cluffer. "They never had a finger in this pie. I knew it the minute I saw 'em; coons always try to look foxy when they're lying. Those coons were just plain scared. Let's go look at the situation."

The Bauder home we found to be exceptionally striking even in that town of prosperous homes. Bauder was a florist who had become a millionaire by investments in oil, but he still conducted, in the fields, immediately back of his house, the florist establishment that had given him his start. In front of the house was the great, well kept lawn upon which the 12 year old son had been foully done to death.

"Mr. Bauder," I said, "did your little boy have any possessions on his person or elsewhere that might tempt a robber?"

"Him? That little fellow?" burst out the old man. "No, he didn't have a thing—not a thing. O, hold on." He stopped as if something had come forcibly to his mind. "Well, now," he said, "I never thought of that. He had a savings bank with \$50 in it, and I haven't seen it since he—since we found him on the lawn."

A hurried and thorough search of the house was made for the bank. It could not be found. It was not in its accustomed place in the child's room, or elsewhere. It could not be found.

"There," said Cluffer as we left the place, "is your motive. Let's get away and smoke and think it over."

We went back to the hotel, and proceeded to lay out our theory. Having established the fact that the child's bank with \$50 in it had disappeared on the same night as his murder it was apparent that the two were connected; the boy had been killed for the bank, slain by some miscreant who valued that paltry sum beyond a child's life. But how was this connection to be established in a way to further our work? The boy had been put to death out on the lawn. The bank usually was in his room. There had been no burglary of the house. No one had entered it to take the bank. How could the person or persons, who killed the boy, get the bank? Did they get it before they committed their savage crime, or afterwards? Was the murder the main crime, or merely an incident to a robbery? Or was the robbery a mere incident to the murder?

The chief had said that we probably would find robbery to be the motive. If this was so, then the person or persons who killed the boy did so because he stood between them and the bank. They had to get him out of the way to get that fifty dollars. They wouldn't have killed him otherwise. But the bank was—or usually was—up in the boy's room in the house, where no intruder had entered. Why should they kill the boy out on the lawn to get fifty dollars in one of the upper rooms of the house?

"Either," said I, "the boy had caught them taking the bank—or he had the bank with him."

Cluffer sat up rigidly.

"Wow!" he said. "That's some hunch. Either someone had taken the bank, and he knew who it was and was going to tell on them, and they killed him to keep him quiet—or he had it with him. I believe we are beginning to see toward the light."

Being in charge of the case I said:

"Cluffer, I suggest that you go to work in the Bauder home and get acquainted with the servants. I will get a job in the flower houses. I've got a hunch that points that way."

Next day the Bauder home had a new man around the house to do odd

jobs, and there were a new hand in the flower houses, learning the florist's trade. Bauder put us both to work upon our request, and we had the run of both house and flower houses and intercourse with the servants and employees without being under suspicion as detectives. Then, having decided whether our theory pointed, Cluffer and I began our task of clearing up the Popham Center mystery.

All the circumstances attendant on the case suggested to my mind that the guilty party was someone who was extremely familiar with the Bauder household, and with the Bauder boy. The more I dwelt on the odd feature of the case—the slaying of the boy on the lawn and the disappearance of the bank in the house—the more I became convinced that no outsider had done this crime. It looked more and more like the work of someone who had been friendly with the boy. I told Cluffer to work in the house with a view to finding the servant or servants who were most intimate with the child, and in the Bauder florist establishment I bent my efforts along the same line.

Three days of this work and we saw that our task was to be more complicated even than we had feared. Practically every one of the five servants in the house, and all the six employees in the flower houses, had been chummy with the little fellow. He was a strange child and had sought his playmates, not among other children of his own years in the village, but among the men and women employed in various capacities by his father. Seldom if ever did he stray away from the florists or servants. If he was not to be found in the home, a search of the flower houses would

reveal him busily engaged in conversation with one of the florists, and if he was not with the florists he was sure to be found with the servants. Thus there were eleven people, 5 men and 3 women, who were his chums and to eliminate the innocent ones, and fasten upon the guilty one—if indeed the guilty one were among them—was the task that lay before Cluffer and myself.

At the end of two weeks' work we were exactly where we had started. Not one of the eleven people on the Bauder poolroom had shown a sign whereby he might suspect their connection with the crime; not one of them but seemed heart-broken and enraged over the fate of their erstwhile playmate.

"I'm afraid you had the wrong hunch," said Cluffer at the end of the two weeks.

"It begins to look that way," I said. "But I'm not willing to believe so. The more I go over the ground the more I am convinced that our quarry is one of the eleven right on this place. Cluffer, did you ever take much stock in the theory that a murderer is inclined to revisit the scene of his crime?"

"Not much," said Cluffer. "But they have been known to do it."

"Then to take no chances of missing anything, from now on we are going to keep a watch on the lawn where the boy's body was found. We've got to play all chances, because this looks like a hard, long chase."

Cluffer didn't have much faith in this theory, but he good naturedly agreed to watch the lawn with me at night.

It was four days later that we had our first reward. It was about eleven at night—a dark, moonless night—when Cluffer and I were lying hidden in a hedge, that a man, clothed in a long mackintosh and wearing a cap well down over his eyes, came sneaking out on the lawn, looking hurriedly around the spot where the boy had been found, and hurried away into the darkness before Cluffer or I could make a move.

I looked at Cluffer and Cluffer looked at me. Without a word my partner began to roll a cigarette.

"Well," he said, at last, "I guess you win. Now the problem is to find who that guy was who just inspected the scene of the murder."

Luck favored us the next morning, for in the soft walks of the lawn we found the imprint of a peculiar, square-toed shoe. By night I had that pair of shoes spotted and they were on the feet of a young German, named Hunemann, employed with me in Bauder's flower house.

It was a shock. Hunemann had been the little Bauder boy's best friend. Among all the employees he had been the one to whom the little fellow had taken the biggest liking, and it was with Hunemann that he was most often to be found. And Hunemann had grieved constantly over the little fellow's fate. Was it possible—or had the poor fellow only gone to the scene of murder to grieve in silence, as one might go to a beloved one's grave?

A few days later it rained.

"Hunemann," I said to my work-fellow, "I've got to go down town. Do you happen to have a mackintosh you could let me wear for an hour or so?"

Hunemann started and looked at me in a way I had not seen him look before.

"Why did you ask me that?" he demanded.

"Because I don't want to get wet," I said, laughing. "Have you got a mackintosh?"

"Who told you I had a mackintosh?" he persisted.

"Nobody," I replied. "But have you got one?"

"No," he said, "I haven't. I never had one."

"Well, that's all right, then," I said. "I just asked you. You needn't get sore."

But it was obvious that Hunemann was sore. After that he began to treat me with suspicion. He refused to be drawn into conversation with me; refused to be with me at all.

"Cluffer," I said that night when we met to confer. "I want you to keep an eye on Hunemann. He's getting restless and I'm afraid he's going to duck out. If he does, you follow him and wire me where you go. He hasn't seen you around here, so you can get in right with him."

My fears were justified and my directions to Cluffer were just in time. Next morning Hunemann had disappeared. So had Cluffer. I went on with my work in the flower houses as if nothing had happened, impatiently waiting word from my partner.

I had to wait ten days. Then came this message from Jersey City: "The bird and I are living in the same cage. Got in with him in Philadelphia and beat it up here with him. We are pals. Made him believe I was a crook. Come to Grogan's saloon near the Scandi-

navia-American piers at 6 any evening. I'll make connections with you."

"Cluffer."

I blessed Cluffer for his ability to make people trust him, and took the first train for Jersey City.

Grogan's saloon was a typical water front place for the entertainment of sailors and longshoremen. I strolled in promptly at six, and called for a glass of beer. Looking in the mirror I saw Cluffer enter, and without more than a look at me pass behind me into a back room. I drank my beer slowly and followed him.

"I've got him trusting me to the limit," he said, when we were alone; "but I'll be darned if I believe he's our man. I've played the crook and bragged about the jobs I've done and so on, but he hasn't said a word about the Bauder kid."

"Well," said I, "we'll find out soon enough if he's guilty. Are you strong with him?"

"Strong?" laughed Cluffer. "Say, he thinks I'm the only friend he's got in the world. He's broke, you know."

"Then he must have hidden the bank," I interrupted.

"He's broke," continued Cluffer, "and I'm his meal ticket. He wouldn't leave me for a farm."

"Good! We're got to fake a murder by you. Here it is: You fix it to hold me. You have to shoot me, because I resist. Then you hurry away. After that you get afraid of Hunemann. You tell him that you're afraid to stay with him because he knows you're guilty of this crime and may give you away. Then, if you are strong with him, and he wants to stay with you, he'll—"

"Tell me he's as bad as I am," said Cluffer. "Right O. Meet me here tomorrow night at the same time."

"Cluffer."

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so well that for a second he was frightened.

He seeped forward, took a hurried look at me and, snatching Hunemann by the arm, dragged him away, saying: "Killed him dead. Right between the eyes. Let's get away from this before the coppers come."

They ran away into the dark. I lay still for five minutes. Then I picked myself up, brushed my clothes and went back to my hotel.

Cluffer and Hunemann ran straight down to the Jersey Central freight yards and caught a through freight for Philadelphia. It was three days later that I heard from my partner. His communication was by telegram, and it read: "I've got the bird caged. Rutgers' lodging house, corner Penn and Biddle streets. Get stenographers with dictagraph from office."

"Cluffer."

One fine morning a few days later found myself with two stenographers from the office in Rutgers' cheap lodging house in Philadelphia, occupying rooms in each side of the one occupied by Cluffer and Hunemann. Our dictagraphs enabled us to hear every word that was being said by the pair. Here is the salient part of the dictagraph testimony as it now appears in the records of our agency:

Cluffer—"Yes, I've got to quit you. I'm afraid to stay with you any longer. You've got too much on me. You've got me. You might squeal about that job up in Jersey City. I'm going to quit you."

Hunemann—"Don't. I'm a good pal, ain't I?"

Cluffer—"You're no pal at all. You let me do the job—and you could turn me over to the police any time you want to and go clear yourself, because there isn't anything against you."

Hunemann—"How do you know?"

Cluffer—"You've got a hold on me, and I've got no hold on you. Good bye."

Hunemann—"Wait a minute, pal. I done a job once, too. You know that Bauder case? I bumped that kid off. Honest, I did. I asked him to let me see his bank. He showed me the fifty dollars in it. I needed fifty to give a girl I was stuck on. I put my hand on his mouth so he couldn't holler, and then I grabbed him by the throat, and pretty soon he was dead. Honest."

Cluffer (laughing)—"Oh, you dub! D'you think you can bunk me? You haven't got nerve enough to kill a flea."

Hunemann—"I'll show you. Here: I'll take you and show you where I hid the bank. Now will you believe I'm in as deep as you are? Now am I a good pal? Will you stick with me now?"

Cluffer—"You show me the bank and we'll see about it."

I arrested both Cluffer and Hunemann a few evenings later when Hunemann was proudly showing his "pal" where he had hidden the Bauder boy's bank in the soft black dirt behind Bauder's flower houses.

Cluffer was, of course, released just as soon as Hunemann was in jail. You have read, if you read the papers, how Hunemann broke down and confessed of his own volition to the district attorney, how he was sent to the electric chair, and how the autopsy showed his brain to belong to the lowest criminal type of degenerates. Cluffer and I were back in New York working on another case long before the trial came to an end.

"I'm glad we didn't have to go on the witness stand," said Cluffer. "He was a dog all right, but—he certainly did believe that I was his friend."

And I said, "Next time you shoot me, don't you aim so close to my head. I can hear those wads whizzing past my head in my sleep."

PULITZER'S HOUR OF EASE

Whim of Great Journalist Had to Be Scrupulously Observed by His Attendants.

After lunch the late Joseph Pulitzer always retired to his cabin for a siesta. I use the word "siesta," but, as a matter of fact, it is quite inadequate to describe the peculiar function or ceremony for which I have chosen it as a label.

What took place on these occasions was this: Mr. Pulitzer lay down on his bed, sometimes in pajamas, but more often with only his coat and his boots removed, and one of his secretaries, usually the German secretary, sat down in an armchair at the bedside with a pile of books at his elbow. At a word from Mr. Pulitzer the secretary began to read in a clear, incisive voice some historical work—Suetonius' "Lives," Green's "History," Macaulay's "Essays"—or some German play or novel.

After a few minutes Mr. Pulitzer would say, "Softly," and the secretary's voice was lowered until, though it was still perfectly audible, it assumed a monotonous and soothing quality. After a while the order came, "Quite softly." At this point the reader ceased to form his words and commenced to murmur indistinctly, giving an effect such as might be produced by a person reading aloud in an adjoining room, but with the connecting door closed.

If, after ten minutes of this murmuring, Mr. Pulitzer remained motionless, it was to be assumed that he was asleep, and the secretary's duty was to go on murmuring until Mr. Pulitzer awoke and told him to stop or to commence actual reading again. This murmuring might last for two hours, and it was a very difficult art to acquire, for at the slightest change in the pitch of the voice, at a sneeze or a cough, Mr. Pulitzer would wake with a start, and an unpleasant quarter of an hour followed.—American Magazine.



Alfred Morris

"Shoot him," cried Hunemann

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., January 9, 1913
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DELANEY'S REMOVAL.

Governor Tener took prompt and drastic action in the case of State Factory Inspector Delaney. By his own admission Captain Delaney had in his possession for eighteen months the alleged written confession of John H. Sanderson, one of the convicted Capital grafters. According to Captain Delaney it was a deathbed confession. In the words of Delaney it involves "men higher up."

Coincident with the statement by Delaney came the insinuation from many quarters that he was using the Sanderson confession as a club to retain himself in office. He had been under fire, the result of charges against him of laxity in enforcing factory inspection laws. It was bruited about that certain influential and unnamed persons involved in the Sanderson confession would control Governor Tener in Delaney's behalf.

Well, the few who so miserably misunderstood Governor Tener will have ample time for reflection and reconsideration. The Delaney statement was made public last Saturday. On Sunday the Governor sent for the Factory Inspector and following a brief conference announced that the latter would not be retained in any capacity under the Tener administration. The Governor's prompt and fearless course is public notice, that regardless of how others stand, his skirts are clear and that no man holds any kind of a club over him.

Meanwhile, it is clearly the duty of Captain Delaney to make public the Sanderson confession, let it strike whom it may. This is a duty he owes not only to the public but to himself.

SHOULD PAY GUARDSMEN.

Adjutant General Stewart has sent to the several commands of the Pennsylvania National Guard a circular letter pointing out how the various commanders, or officers, are at times able by suggestions to arouse interest among their men. It is a fair assertion that the average National Guard officer does the best he knows how to keep his company up to the highest standard possible. The task is, at best, a difficult one. The time has come when guardsmen should not be expected to devote the time required for attendance upon drills without receiving some recompense. In many instances guardsmen live a greater or less distance from armories and are compelled to go to considerable expense in the matter of transportation, to say nothing of the inconvenience entailed. Is it not a reasonable proposition that guardsmen be paid for each drill attended? We think so. We know of no other service where men are expected to give up so much time with no financial return. The National Guard, when all is said and done, is a plain business proposition. Why not make it one so far as both sides are concerned. It is true that officers and men are paid for the time spent in camp once a year, but it is equally true that this amount generally falls much below what each officer and enlisted man is compelled to spend in one way or another during the year. Something must be done to not only arouse interest but to keep interest aroused if those at the head hope to have the Pennsylvania National Guard maintain the position desired. When the plan was first suggested it was regarded by some as largely theoretical. It has advanced far beyond the theoretical stage. Today it is intensely practical.

A NEEDED REFORM.

The Legislature which convened on Tuesday will have before it no more important measure than that which proposes establishing a reformatory exclusively for women. The need for such an institution has long been apparent and the wonder is that it was not heeded in the years gone by. New York has such a reformatory and it has been found to serve its purpose in a most admirable manner.

A reformatory for women should be equipped with departments or wards for the care and treatment of tuberculosis. Statistics reveal in a striking manner the rapid growth of tuberculosis in prisons and other congested places.

Under our present system both male and female prisoners are confined in the same institution. Aside from the matter of over-crowding in our eastern and western penitentiaries, the necessary confinement of both sexes in such limited quarters serves as a menace to health. Those afflicted with tuberculosis have no opportunity for the treatment needed and consequently the death rate is alarmingly high. Equally important is the constant danger to the health of prisoners compelled to live with those already suffering from the dreaded disease.

Some one day or two ago, when the lack of a reformatory for women was mentioned, remarked possibly in a facetious spirit, that Pennsylvania was therefore to be congratulated. The thought conveyed was that because this State had gotten along without such an institution there was no need for one. Surely this spirit will not prevail in the present Legislature. A woman, even though confined behind prison bars, has a soul which offers hope for its reclaiming so long as she is blessed with life. While she is in the custody of the State she is its ward and the State, which means the men and women and children living within its borders, is morally responsible for safeguarding her health. The burden is sufficiently great to the woman who finds herself re-entering the world at the expiration of a term in prison. How much greater are the odds against her if she finds herself shattered in health and lacking the physical strength to battle for the right to live. The Legislature at Harrisburg will be called on to remedy this condition, a remedy appealed for in the name of the womanhood and the manhood of Pennsylvania.

Coughed up \$10 Bill

Mrs. Mary Benner, of the North Side, Pittsburgh, found a new place for concealing a brand new \$10 bill after she had extracted it, so it is alleged, from the pocket of M. Carter, aged 68, whom she met on the street early Sunday morning.

The banknote, carefully folded, was found between the roof of the woman's mouth and her false teeth, and she "coughed it up" to the matron in Central police station.

Policeman John McGonigal, who arrested Mrs. Benner and Carter in Second avenue, says the woman admitted to him that she had taken \$5, which she handed over. Carter claimed the woman had taken \$15, and the search for the other \$10 revealed it in its novel hiding place.

Mrs. Benner was sentenced to pay a fine of \$25, with this alternative of 30 days in the workhouse. Carter paid a \$5 fine.

The Great Keene.

Magician Keene is a truly brilliant performer who seems to have entered his difficult calling more for the love than from necessity. He is considered one of the greatest masters of magic the world has yet seen, having produced more new illusions in the past ten years than any other living magician has presented in a lifetime.

The possessor of marked mechanical ability and ingenuity, he studies the likes of those who delight in the art of magic and gives them more than their money's worth in his diversified program. In addition to being a great magician Keene is a prince of entertainers—his polished, gentlemanly style and ready wit making a valuable setting for his magical ability. Keene will be at Garman's Opera House, Saturday, June 11, matinee and evening.—Advt.

Deserves its Success.

A most prominent and worthy attraction at Garman's Opera House, on Wednesday, January 15, will be the United Play Company's production of Charles Klein's remarkable success, "The Lion and the Mouse." Few dramas produced during the past twenty-five years have enjoyed the triumph accorded this great play, founded on the conditions that surround the workings of the trust and money kings of today. The standard reached by Henry B. Harris as a producing manager will be maintained in the coming engagement of "The Lion and the Mouse" and it would seem that little more recommendation should be necessary.—Advt.

Beginning on Sunday, January 12, 1913, The Philadelphia Record will make a new departure in the publication of its Sunday issue. Besides the regular general and special features that make up this excellent newspaper, a step will be taken for the benefit of the boys and girls. This will take the form of a magazine for boys and girls, covering about eight pages of excellent story matter, and will carry such stories as usually appear in publications like St. Nicholas, Youth's Companion, etc. The cover of this additional magazine will be printed in color.

The departure should be of interest to thousands of boys and girls. No increase in the price of the paper will be made, it remaining at three cents as usual.

By reason of the probable increased demand for next Sunday's Record, it would be well for prospective subscribers to place an advance order with newspaper carrier or dealer.

A BIG FIND

But It Proved to Be
 a Burden

By REGINALD D. HERON

My interview with Edith's father was a stormy one. He gave me to understand that I could have no daughter of his; that if I persuaded Edith to marry me without his consent he would never recognize either of us any more than if we were strangers to him, and that the results of our folly and Edith's ingratitude must be endured without any assistance whatever from him.

"What kind of a young man are you?" he thundered, "for a gentleman to give his daughter to? As poor as a church mouse, you have come here in a hired carriage to see me."

"Yes," I retorted, "and I'll go away in the carriage in which I came."

"And I hope you'll stay away."

We turned our backs upon each other, he to go into another room, I to go out and get into the cab. I saw Edith at an upper window with a pained expression on her face. She kissed her hand to me, and I waved mine to her. They got into the cab, shut the door with a bang and was driven away.

As it happened I sat down on the left side of the carriage, whereas I had come on the right side. The seat was uneven, but I was too hot from my recent interview to notice it for some time. Presently without getting my mind off the latter I endeavored to arrange the former. The bump remained. I arose and lifted the cushion. There lay a package about seven inches long by three wide, the wrapper being brown paper. I was not so absorbed in having been refused the girl I loved but that I removed it and revealed a package of bank bills. The one on top was of the denomination of \$100. The next was \$1,000, the next \$500, and so on of mixed denominations to the end. I counted \$50,000 in all.

Here was a find—a big find—a denuded big find. It would be impossible to give the confusion of thoughts passing through my mind. I had stumbled upon the whereabouts to recover. Edith would yet be mine. Would the owner of the bills turn up? What would be the outcome? These were a few of the flashes upon my brain, but give only a faint picture of the turmoil there. I can only say in justice to myself that almost instantly all gave way to the fact that the money was not mine and its owner must be found.

During the next few days I bought every newspaper issued in the city where I lived and had found the bills, not doubting that their loss would be advertised. When the next morning after I had found them I saw no notice of them I was surprised. When on the second morning no notice appeared I was astonished, and on the third morning, having gone through with a dozen newspapers without finding what I looked for, I was amazed.

On the morning of the eighth day I received a telegram from my colleague, Henry Harker:

Come at once. The position is vacant and cannot remain so forty-eight hours.

This was in response to a letter I had written a few days before to Harker, who had succeeded his father as president of a large manufacturing establishment, asking him to give me a job. I am not one to go back on my proposition and began at once my hurried preparation to leave. But what should I do with the bills I had found? Acting on the principle "the least said the soonest mended," I had kept the matter to myself and the money under lock and key. I being the only one who knew where. I must act at once. I thought of depositing the bills in a bank. No; that wouldn't do at all. Fifty thousand dollars of a stranger's money in one's possession involved danger. It might land the finder in jail. To give it to a friend for safe keeping would require depositing the secret with him at the same time.

I spent hours turning over different plans and finally settled on the following: I went to a safety deposit company and rented a box. It was the last thing I did before taking a train, and I was in a dreadful hurry. My plan was to use an assumed name, but in the hurry of preparation I had not settled upon a name. When the custodian, an old man, took out his book and asked "What name?" I gave him the first that came into my head—Gustavus Hal; Williams. He wrote it down; handed me the key to the box; went with me to the vault. I put away the bills, turned the key and for the first time since I had found them felt relieved.

Harker put me in a position that I had not been prepared to fill. He said he knew I could learn the duties as I went along. I did learn them, but my mind was fixed on them to the exclusion of everything else. I thought of the fortune locked up in the safe deposit company once in awhile, but since there was nothing concerning it to think about more than when I saw it my mental dwellings upon it were very brief and less and less frequent. I had paid a year's rental for the box and given an address that did not exist. So I was not troubled with any communications from the company to remind me of it.

To tell the truth, I was more inter-

ested in Edith Ford than in some one else's money which had fallen into my possession and which instead of being a blessing was a burden. Harker advanced me rapidly.

Edith remained true to me, and her father, having been agreeably disappointed in me, consented to our marriage. All was ready for the nuptials when one day a shabby man with a handbag look about him came into the office and asked to see me.

"This is Mr. George Winchell?" he asked.

"That's my name."

He took a dirty paper from his pocket, to which he referred, and said:

"On the 12th of November, 19—, John Flynn, driving cab No. 58, took up a fare at the door of the University club and drove the gentleman to 246 Summit avenue."

"Never mind the rest of that," I said. "Tell if you are looking for anything that was lost."

The man appeared ill at ease. "Please don't speak so loud, sir. If you are the man who was driven that day in that cab from the University club to—"

"I was. Go on."

"You may have found a package of bills."

"I did."

At this point the man hesitated, and, seeing that he was not getting on with his revelation, I took him to a private room and said:

"Now, out with it."

After much trouble I learned that he had got the money I had found from a gentleman to carry somewhere and had hired a cab for the purpose. Not daring to take the bills out of the cab when he alighted, fearing an arrest, he left it under the seat, taking note of the cab's number. He was arrested for having stolen an overcoat and was sent to prison for a year. He had recently been discharged, some time having been taken off his stay for good behavior, and had communicated with the man from whom he had got the bills, and the two had set about tracing them. The person who had employed him to carry the money was a cashier of some institution, from which he had purloined it.

I had had enough of the matter and agreed to a plan by which the amount could be returned to its rightful owners, they paying the rascals a small sum and guaranteeing their immunity from prosecution. All the details had been arranged when it occurred to me that I had rented the box in which I had deposited it in a fictitious name.

What name? I could no more remember than I could repeat the book of Job.

As soon as I could get away from my duties I took a train for my former home and on arrival drove to the safe deposit company and asked for the custodian. A young man stepped forward, and I asked for the old gentleman who had rented me a box about a year before. He had died five months ago and the young man had been put in his place.

My story as to the renting of the box was told—that I had not given my own name and had forgotten the assumed one. I was informed that I would find the number of the box on my key, but I replied that, having been fearful of losing the key, I had put it in a very safe place, but where I had also forgotten.

Then the custodian looked grave. The money must remain where it was till I produced the name or the key.

What was I to do? I had acknowledged that I had found the lost bills and still had them in my possession. I was bound to restore them, and if I didn't I would be sued for them and likely prosecuted criminally. Being about to be married, I was in an agony of fear lest the matter should come out and be printed in the newspapers on the eve of my wedding.

I went to Harker, who was more like a brother to me than an employer, and told him of the fix I was in. While he was ready to do anything for me in his power, there seemed to be nothing definite for him to do. He could not help showing a slight suspicion. This revealed to me that my story was not very credible. I was in agony. Meanwhile the parties concerned began to grow suspicious of me.

Then I was told that if I didn't pay over the money at once I would be arrested. I realized that I must raise \$50,000 or go to jail, besides losing Edith. I asked how long a time I would be given for the purpose and was told that I could have a week. I laid the matter before Harker, and his indisposition to pay out for me \$50,000 that he might never get back. He drew a check for the money, payable to me, and I turned it over to the persons who were hounding me. But I realized that a wedge had been introduced between me and Harker that would not be removed until I could return the money he had put up for me.

A few days before the wedding I went on a visit to Edith to confess to her the incubus resting upon me. I told her the story, to which she listened eagerly and, when I had finished, said:

"I wonder if what I have upstairs that you sent me long ago has anything to do with the matter."

"What did I send you?"

Instead of replying she left me and in a few minutes returned with a box of trinkets, through which she began to hunt. There were bits of old jewelry and odds and ends of all kinds. Presently she took out a little flat bit of metal with irregular teeth on one side. I made a dive for it, and, holding it up, I saw stamped on it the number 396. Then, like a flash, I remembered having sent a duplicate key of my safe deposit box—I had been given two—to Edith to keep for me in case I should lose the one I retained.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

[From a series of elaborate chemical tests.]

Comparative digestibility of food made with different baking powders.

An equal quantity of bread (biscuit) was made with each of two kinds of baking powder—cream of tartar and alum—and submitted separately to the action of the digestive fluid, each for the same length of time.

The percentage of the food digested is shown as follows:

Bread made with Royal Cream of Tartar Powder:

99 Per Cent. Digested

Bread made with alum powder:

67 Per Cent. Digested

Royal Baking Powder raised food is shown to be of greatly superior digestibility and healthfulness.

On the Evidence.

Murray F. Tuley, who gave twenty-five years of continuous service as judge of the circuit court in Chicago, was noted for the strict impartiality with which he rendered decisions, even when his personal bias was strongly the other way. On one occasion, having heard a certain famous suit, he found himself impelled to hand down a decision repugnant to his own inclination.

"Do you mean you think the defendant was not at heart a swindler?" demanded an intimate friend, who dared complain of the finding.

"Billy," said Judge Tuley solemnly, "I took that evidence to Arkansas with me and studied it two weeks. Then I brought it home and spent ten days more on it. Then I said in my decision:

"So far as the evidence shows the defendant is an upright and honorable Christian gentleman."

"So far as the evidence shows," repeated the jurist slowly and with emphasis. Then he leaned forward in his chair, placed a hand on the other's knee and exclaimed, with an air of vindication:

"But, Billy, I didn't say I believed it!"

Mattresses For Plate Glass.

The mattresses whereon we sleep are by no means the only ones. There is, for instance, the mattress that is placed in wagons for the conveyance of plate glass in safety. These wagon mattresses are made of curled hair. They are of a thickness scarcely greater than that of the coverlet that is known as a "comfortable." The exigencies of plate glass transportation require that these mattresses be constructed with exceeding care, inasmuch as a slight lump anywhere in the mattress might prove sufficient to cause the breakage of the glass that rests upon it. In the event of two plates of glass resting upon that lump at the same time still greater danger to the glass is courted. These plate glass mattresses cost, according to size, from \$40 to \$75. The mere remaking of such a mattress may cost from \$20 to \$25.—Harper's.

True to His Profession.

The lawyer wrote a poem and took it to the editor. The editor broke into his works of necessity long enough to give the verses a close perusal.

After which he shook his few remaining locks in a discouraging manner.

"Sorry," he said, "but it isn't available."

The lawyer frowned.

"In my opinion," he said, "the poem is admirably adapted for publication purposes."

"I can't use it," said the editor.

The lawyer straightened up.

"Do you mean to say that after hearing my opinion you still refuse to pay me for the verses?"

"I do."

"Then," said the lawyer with much firmness, "I'll have to charge you for the opinion."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

LOOK! HERE'S A BARGAIN IN MACHINERY

1 Second-Hand 25-horse power steam engine; mounted on boiler; in first class condition; sell cheap.

1 Second-hand 2-horse power gasoline engine; first class condition.

Garbrick Bros.

Opposite Big Spring
 Commercial Phone—Bell Phone, 2078
 Bellefonte, Pa.

For Pests on Animals.

A Luzerne County correspondent has written to State Zoologist H. A. Surface, at Harrisburg, asking for a formula for "a fly chaser" by which he could destroy flies, ticks, lice, etc. The following reply is to the point and will interest not only live stock breeders, but also poultrymen and others:

"There is no effective or satisfactory formula for repelling flies and other pests from livestock. This is chiefly because it is not permanent in its effects.

About as good preparation as you can use is three cent. solution of Creolin or Creolin in water. If it is much stronger than this it is liable to burn the animals. One can safely use one part of Creolin in thirty parts of water, stirring it vigorously to have it well mixed. It can be applied as a spray or wash. It kills the pests with which it comes in contact, and repels others while it remains unevaporated, or while the odor remains. It is also one of the best preparations to use for spraying the interior of the poultry house, and for washing or spraying the roosts to destroy the pests there found. It not only kills lice ticks and other insects on animals, but also cleans up the mange, as it destroys the little parasites causing this trouble. At the strength herein mentioned one need not be afraid to apply it freely."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75-cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

J. F. CHENEY CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, Price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Orphans' Court Sale

of Real Estate

By virtue of an order issued by the Orphans' Court of Centre County the undersigned will receive at public sale on the premises near Matternville, in Patton Township.

ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 26th, 1913, at 1 o'clock P. M., all the following described real estate, late the property of Mrs. Fannie Carlson, deceased:

A certain message and tract of land situated in Patton Township aforesaid, beginning at a post in the Half Moon road; thence along said road and line of William S. Gray, South 63 degrees East, 12 perches to post; thence by said road South 67 degrees West, 3 1/2-25 perches to post; thence North 32 1/2 degrees West, 26 3/4 perches to post; on line between Hartsock and Gray; thence North 69 degrees East, 22 23-25 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 2 acres and 82 perches net.

Thereon erected a two story frame house with cellar, stable, pig-pen, etc. Apple orchard and other fine fruit, as well as a good cistern on the premises.

TERMS OF SALE:—Ten per cent. of purchase money on day of sale, balance of one-half on confirmation of sale, and the remaining one-half in one year from confirmation, and to bear six per cent. interest and to be secured by S. F. Bond and mortgage on the premises.

HARRY KELLER, THOMAS A. HARTSOCK, dec'd. Att'ys.

Wanted.

In car load lots one million feet white pine in 4 quarter, 5 quarter, quarter, and thicker. Address,

LUMBERMAN,

11-27-41. Lock Haven, Pa.

Everybody's friend—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Cures toothache, earache, sore throat. Heals cuts, bruises, scalds. Stops any pain.—Advt.

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

A. M. Long was a business visitor to the county seat on Tuesday morning.

Miss Cora Lucas departed on Wednesday for State College where she will spend the winter.

Miss Amber Confer, of Yarnell, visited a number of her most intimate friends here last week.

Hon. John A. Woodward departed on Tuesday morning for a several days business journey beyond Pittsburgh.

Harry Stitzer, at one time a resident of this place, but now of Easton, is spending a few days among relatives here.

All the young people from this place who are studying in college departed on Monday afternoon for their respective schools.

Miss Myrtle Brouse departed on Monday for her home in Trenton, N. J., after visiting here for several weeks as the guest of Miss Emma Fletcher.

Gilbert Shope, Lester Wyland and Lewis Cassberry left last week for Renovo where they expected to secure employment in the railroad shops.

Clyde Long and John Shay visited at their homes here for several days. The former remaining home on account of having his arm severely cut in the shops at Renovo.

Rev. James E. Dunning, wife, son and parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dunning, of Williamsport, returned on Wednesday night after having spent X-mas with relatives in Pittsburgh. He was unable to hold his services on Sunday on account of sickness.

Howard has always been able to vie with other places in musicians but the writer has just learned that one of her sons has so far advanced as to compose his own music. Ronald Welch, a son of blacksmith D. L. Welch, has just composed his piece for graduation from the Central State Normal School at Lock Haven in the spring. It is a march and two-step and the several persons who were permitted to "try it on their piano," were well pleased with the initial composition of our talented young friend.

The teachers local institute held in the Methodist church Friday evening and Saturday was a success in every respect. The sessions were largely attended, the teachers prompt to participate in the discussions which were interesting, timely and profitable. Another interesting feature of the institute was the young peoples choir of about thirty voices which furnished music throughout the sessions and were highly complimented for the excellence of their part of the varied program. To Professor Fletcher we can ascribe a large amount of the credit for the success of the institute.

The officers of Grove Brothers Camp No. 262 Sons of Veterans were installed at their regular meeting Saturday night in the P. O. S. of A. hall. The installing officer was Past Commander John S. Holter, of Johnsonburg. The officers follow: Commander, F. S. Dunham; Sr. Vice Com., Carl McKinley; Jr. Vice Com., John Kelley; Patriotic Instructor, Hunter Thomas; Secretary, Philip Holter; Treasurer, James Leathers; Chaplain, Fred Leathers; Guide, Roy Confer; Inner Guard, Curtis Butler; Outer Guard, Edward Kelley; Camp Council, Lester Wyland. Carl McKinley was elected delegate to the State encampment at Gettysburg, and Hunter Thomas alternate. The camp now numbers forty members.

The Borough Council met in regular session on Monday evening, Jan. 6, with President A. A. Schenck presiding. Members present were H. T. McDowell, E. M. Fox, J. Will Mayes, Charles E. Fletcher, Jackson Kline, W. N. Neff. Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved. Street Committee reported that C. M. Tice asked permission through J. W. Mayes to lay tile in the ditch in front of his barn. Walks that were ordered laid were reported same as heretofore. Walks and crossings were reported in good condition. The fill at the bridge on N. Walnut Street in an unsightly condition. Moved and seconded that the Street Committee investigate the case of C. M. Tice and report at next meeting. President authorized Street Committee to have Mr. Tice do away with water running from his water spout to street. Water Committee reported plugs and pipes flushed. The plugs at John Robb's are not in good condition. Water Rent Commissioner reported that the water rent amounting to \$484 had been paid to the treasurer. Moved and seconded that T. A. Fletcher account be accepted and order drawn in favor of him for \$19.36, commission for collecting water rent. Light Committee J. W. Mayes, reported that the committee met with W. H. Long, and Mr. Long stated he could not furnish light at the place mentioned heretofore. Following this, A. A. Schenck was re-elected President of the Council and T. A. Fletcher, water rent collector at 3%. On motion, the application of Samuel Shay for Street Commissioner be accepted and take effect at once. On motion T. A. Fletcher was exonerated of five dollars water rent. Bills amounting to \$31.38 were ordered paid.

William Purdon Dead.

William Purdon died on Friday of last week at his late home at Chester Hill. His death was due to heart failure. He was born in Scotland, July 31, 1844, and resided at Chester Hill for twenty years or more. He formerly resided at Osceola.

Death of James R. Keene.

James R. Keene, the financier and horseman, died at 2:15 o'clock last Friday morning in a sanitarium in New York city from the effects of an operation. He was 73 years old, and had been ill for a long time.

Edward McGowan Dead.

Edward McGowan, one of the first settlers of Hawk Run, died at his late home at that place from pneumonia on Tuesday of last week. He was 75 years old.

Blanchard.

Mrs. John C. Eaton has been ill the past week or ten days.

Liveryman C. W. Cook, of Beech Creek, last week lost a valuable horse.

It is with regret that we note the illness of David Kline, one of our highly esteemed citizens and a veteran of the Civil war.

On Wednesday evening of next week Rev. Samuel J. McCracken will begin a series of revival services in the Disciple church here.

Captain and Mrs. James A. Quigley on Saturday, last, had a family dinner for the sons and daughters and grandchildren, a big turkey constituting the chief point of attack.

Misses Sylvia Miller and Katherine Quigley and Frederick Wynn this week resumed their studies at the Lock Haven Normal, enjoying the holiday season at their respective homes. Miss Leotta Packer has enrolled as a student at the same institution.

After having been laid up since the latter part of October, Alexander Heverly has resumed his duties as track foreman on the Ford run railroad of the Pennsylvania Fire Brick Co. It will be recalled that he was injured by a premature explosion of dynamite.

William A. Batschelet a few days ago lost a valuable young driving horse. He let the horse out with others to go to the watering trough. On the following morning he found the horse dead in the stable. A blood vessel had burst from some mysterious cause and resulted in internal bleeding.

A wedding of interest to residents of this section was that on New Year's day, the contracting parties being Joseph McCloskey and Miss Mary Mann, of Beech Creek township. The nuptial knot was tied by Justice of the Peace George C. McGhee. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Mann. The groom is a son of Mrs. Kate E. McCloskey. The happy young couple have many friends who wish them much prosperity.

Port Matilda.

H. H. Leird was in Bellefonte on business two days this week.

Mrs. Walter Bennett, of Tyrone, made a flying visit to our town Saturday.

William and Paul Turner left Monday for Kansas City, Mo., to resume their work.

H. L. Shope, W. D. Lytle and C. E. McKelvey spent New Year's Day in Lock Haven.

Miss Mary Sterling, a young lady of York, is spending some time at H. F. Chaney's.

M. S. A. J. Johnson attended the funeral of her aunt, Mrs. Ingram, in Bellefonte Monday.

P. W. Young, recently appointed mercantile appraiser, made a business trip to Bellefonte last Thursday.

Prof. Rothrock attended Local Institute at Howard last Saturday and reports a very interesting program.

Monday evening a jolly crowd of people surprised P. B. Woodring with a birthday party. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

The Fourth District Local Institute, which was to have been held this week, the 10th and 11th at this place, has been postponed until the 24th and 25th, inst. The oyster supper by the M. E. church people has also been postponed until the 25th.

Mt. Eagle.

Miss Alice Reeder was a visitor to Curtin on Monday.

Austin Bathurst, who some time ago had his leg hurt, is now under the doctor's care.

Roland McCartney on Saturday loaded a car of mine props, which were shipped out on Monday.

Miss Gettig, of Nittany valley, visited over Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Hays Daughenbaugh.

T. G. Leathers conducted a shooting match on New Year's day and there was a nice crowd on hand.

Miss Anna Deitz was home for a few hours on Saturday and enjoyed supper with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Deitz.

Miss Bertha Kunes, of Altoona, enjoyed New Year's day here with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pheasant.

Mr. Henderson, who was firing the little steam shovel, on Sunday was scalded in the face and had to go to his home at Tyrone.

The Anderson Bros. are about through with the grading on the new piece of road and are preparing to ship their shovels to Ebensburg, where they have another contract on hand. On Monday they shipped a carload of horses to that place.

Samuel Gates Dead.

Samuel Gates died early last Saturday morning at his late home at Tyrone from pleuro-pneumonia. He was born at Pennsylvania Furnace, February 7, 1871, and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Gates. He lived in Tyrone virtually all his life. Interment was made at Petersburg on Tuesday.

Would Revoke Boro Charter.

Governor Tener this week suggested to the Legislature that the borough charter for Coatesville be revoked because of failure to enforce the law and thereby prevent the lynching of Zach Taylor, a negro, there last year. The Governor's recommendation has aroused a storm of protest in Coatesville.

Mrs. T. L. Crust Dead.

Mrs. T. L. Crust, a well known resident of Philipsburg, died late Monday afternoon in the McGirk sanitarium at that place.

Mrs. Elmer E. Straub Dead.

A rather sudden death was that of Mrs. Elmer E. Straub who passed away shortly before 6 o'clock on Monday morning, last, at her late home at the old Alexander homestead, at Sunnyside. The news of her death was a profound shock to her many friends. On Sunday night she retired in apparently the best of health. She was awakened several hours later by what proved to be an attack of acute indigestion. Mr. Straub applied such emergency remedies as were at hand and started out to get a physician. His wife died a few minutes after his return home. Before her marriage to Mr. Straub she was Alice Alexander, daughter of the late James Alexander. She was aged about 52 years. Surviving to mourn the loss of a good wife and a devoted mother are her husband and two children: Anna, aged 18 and James 17. The funeral will be held this (Thursday) afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Christian Lowrey Dead.

Christian Lowrey, an aged and well known Centre Countian, died at noon on Saturday, last, at the home of a daughter, Mrs. J. C. Rockey, at Fillmore. His death was the result of a stroke of paralysis which he suffered on Tuesday of Christmas week. During the Civil war Mr. Lowrey served with credit as a member of Company C, 148th Regiment, Penna. Vols. He was for many years a member of the Fillmore Methodist Episcopal church. Surviving to mourn his passing away are these children: Mrs. J. C. Rockey, Fillmore; Mrs. Harry Bressler and Mrs. Isaac Tressler, of Spring Creek, and William Lowrey, of Jacksonville.

Mrs. Katherine Archey Dead.

Mrs. Katherine Archey died on Saturday, last, at the home of her son, John Archey at Graysville. Deceased was the widow of the late John Archey and at the time of her death was aged about 85 years. Her husband preceded her to the grave 22 years ago. Surviving are these children: Francis, Penna Furnace; Dr. Harry, of Plymouth; John, of Graysville, and Mrs. Mary J. Baker, of Chester. Funeral services were held on Monday at one o'clock, conducted by Rev. R. M. Campbell. Interment was made at Graysville.

John Reed Dead.

John Reed, a young man whose home was nearby Scotia, and who was an invalid virtually all his life, died late Monday night from catarrhal pneumonia. Deceased was aged 19 years and was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reed. He was an invalid from childhood and spent his days and nights in a box which was fitted into a chair. The funeral services were held on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. Surviving the deceased are his parents and these brothers and sisters: Gray, Clifford, Adolph, Robert, Anna, Kate and Ethel.

Mrs. Louise E. Ingram Dead.

Mrs. Louise E. Ingram, widow of the late Hickman Ingram, died on Friday last at her home on East Bishop Street. Funeral services were held on Monday afternoon at one o'clock. Deceased was a daughter of John Wilson and was born September 13, 1829. She removed to Bellefonte about 36 years ago and resided here from that time to the date of her death. Surviving is one daughter, Mrs. James Kellerman, of nearby Bellefonte.

Jared D. Lytle Dead.

Jared Dale Lytle, a splendid type of young man and the only son of Mrs. L. B. Lytle, died on Monday, last, after a brief illness. He was aged 22 years and was well and favorably known in his home community. He was a member of the Presbyterian church. His pastor, Rev. W. K. Harnish, will conduct the funeral services today at one o'clock. Interment will be made at the Branch cemetery.

Mrs. Robert Matley Dead.

Mrs. Robert Matley died on Saturday evening at her late home near Philipsburg, aged 82 years 4 months and 6 days. Her death was hastened by pneumonia. Deceased was born at WarriorsMark, August 28, 1829 and lived in Philipsburg from the time she was a child. These children survive: Wallace, of Philipsburg; Mrs. Lewis Rehner and Austin A., of Osceola, and Miss Clara, E. P. and William, at home.

Charles C. Hess Dead.

Charles C. Hess, widely known as a scientific farmer and fruit grower, died in Philipsburg last Saturday from pneumonia aged 57 years. He was one of the pioneers in growing strawberries for the city markets, and in recent years his strawberry crops have reached many thousands of quarts. At the fruit exhibit at State College several days ago, five of the varieties of apples grown on his farm won prizes.

Capt. P. D. Bricker Dead.

Captain P. D. Bricker, Burgess of Jersey Shore, member of the Lycoming county bar and a veteran of the Civil war, died on Sunday evening. During the war he served with Company F, Eleventh Penna. Cavalry. The funeral was held at Jersey Shore yesterday.

Mrs. T. R. Thomas Dead.

Mrs. Thomas R. Thomas died at her late home in Philipsburg on Saturday, last, aged 82 years, 11 months and 20 days.

LINCOLN AND HIS GUEST

Tact of Lincoln Saves His Visitor from Embarrassment.

"My grandfather, Mr. Brand, however, did not go with his regiment to the West," writes Mayor Whitlock, of Toledo, in the American Magazine. "He had been transferred to the commissary department and he remained with the Army of the Potomac until the close of the war, and it was on some detail connected with his duties in that department that, in 1865, he went into Washington and had the interview with President Lincoln I so much liked to hear him tell about. It was not in the course of his military duty that he went to see the Commander-in-Chief; whatever those duties were, they were quickly discharged at the War Department, so that in the hours of freedom remaining to him before he went back to the front, he did what every one likes to do in Washington—he went to see the President. But he went in no military capacity; he went rather in that political capacity he so much preferred to the military, and he went as to the chief he had so long known and loved and followed."

"It would be his old friend Chase who presented him to the President, but their conversation was soon interrupted by the entrance of an aide, who announced the arrival in the White House grounds of an Indiana regiment passing through Washington, which, as seems to have been the case with most regiments passing through the capital, demanded a speech from the President. And Lincoln complied, and as he rose to go out he asked my grandfather to accompany him, and they continued their talk on the way. But when they stood in the White House portico and the regiment beheld the President and saluted him with its lifted cheer the aide stepped to my grandfather's side and, much to his chagrin—for he had been held by the President while he finished a story—told him that it would be necessary for him to drop a few paces to the rear. It was a little contretemps that embarrassed my grandfather, but Lincoln, with his fine and delicate perceptions, divined the whole situation and met it with that kindness which was so great a part of the humor and homanness in him."

Wayward Girl a Suicide.

The story of a wayward daughter has been revealed by the suicide, in Philadelphia early Sunday morning, of Miss Frances Stroup, daughter of Mrs. John Stroup, of Williamsport, and who until a few years ago, was a resident of that city. Upon learning of the affair the mother departed to identify the body. Before leaving she expressed hopes that some mistake had been made and that the body would not be that of her daughter.

Miss Stroup left Williamsport about five years ago and although she had been in Philadelphia since that time no news of her welfare had been received by her relatives. She was twenty-nine years of age and is said to have had an attractive appearance. About ten years ago she ran away to Elmira, N. Y., with the intention of getting married, but found herself in New York city without funds and was brought back home. For about five years after her return she resided with her parents until the call of the city reached her and she said goodbye to her parents.

Her companion, Frederick J. Ellison about whom nothing is known by her family was found in the same room with the girl with the gas jets turned on. The girl was dead when the proprietor of the rooming house broke into the room. The man, though unconscious, was breathing heavily and was removed to a hospital where by the aid of a pull motor it is believed that his life has been saved.

Mother Found Son Dead.

Alfred McKean, a young man, was found dead in his bed-room at the home of his mother, in Shamokin, Sunday morning with a bullet in his brain. It is supposed he accidentally shot himself. He resided with his widowed mother.

She and another son were on the first floor about 9.30 o'clock, when they heard a heavy thud. Thinking a piece of furniture had fallen, they went upstairs, and found McKean lying at the foot of the bed with his head covered with blood and a revolver close by. Death was instantaneous.

It is thought McKean was sitting on the bed examining the weapon, when it accidentally discharged. Shortly before the shooting he was downstairs conversing in a happy mood with his mother.

Mrs. Nan Lukens Dead.

Mrs. Nan Lukens, widow of the late James A. Lukens, died on Saturday, last, at her late home in Philipsburg aged 84 years, 6 months and 28 days.

Itching, torturing skin eruptions disfigure, annoy, drive one wild. Doan's Ointment brings quick relief and lasting cure. Fifty cents at any drug store.—Advt.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store.

Wheat, white or mixed.....32
Wheat, red.....35
Corn, shelled (per bu.).....30
Corn, ears (per bu.).....25
Oats (per bu.).....20
Rye (per bu.).....20
Barley (per bu.).....20
Buckwheat (per bu.).....30

1853

1913

60 Years Experience In Pharmacy Experience Counts

Ours is an up-to-date Drug Store where you can get what you need and depend upon what you get, both in quality and price—we call your especial attention to the preparations of our own manufacture—

Aromatic Antiseptic Tooth Wash - 25c.
"Cydonine" the great Skin beautifier - 25c.
"White Camphor Liniment" for pain - 25c.
"Sarsaparilla Compound" Blood and Skin Remedy \$1.00
"Compound Witch Hazel Salve" a great healer 25c.

and others--We guarantee satisfaction or your money back--

Don't forget our Rexall line

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

Penny-A-Word Column.

LOST—A gold watch in the Bush House; name Roy H. Grove engraved inside case; return to this office; reward.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—1912 Indian motor cycle; 7-h. p. twin; good condition; price reasonable. Inquire Henry T. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

GIRL WANTED—Girl wanted for general housework. Apply to Mrs. LAURA E. SNYDER, 214 West College Avenue, State College, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT—One and one-fourth miles West of Unionville, on along Tyrone Road. Inquire of B. W. Shipley, Fleming, Pa. 1-9-4t.

GIRL WANTED—Competent girl wanted for cooking and general housework. Apply to Mrs. CHARLES E. DORWORTH, 19 West Linn Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Stetson Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—3 high grade bull calves, 1 better calf, from 4 to 6 mo. old, sired by Thornwood Vale Posch Pieterje No. 52124 H. F. H. B.; bred to high grade Holstein Friesian cows, with a high milk and butter record.

ROBERT MUSSER, Spring Mills.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.—Advt.

JOSEPH'S

Annual White Sale now on, greater than ever before, at astonishing Low Prices. To Convince Yourself, Give us an Early Call.

Joseph & Company

WANTED

About January 10th we shall require Firemen \$2.25, Water Tenders \$2.25, Helpers \$2.40, Fillers \$2.31, Iron Carriers \$3.00, Loaders 7c. per ton, Engine Crews \$2.10 to \$3.25, and Laborers \$1.65. Railroad fares will be advanced to men accepted. Address

WM. A. MOORE,

Vice President, Tonawanda Iron & Steel Company, NORTH TONAWANDA, NEW YORK.

MOVING PICTURES TALK

Edison Scores Triumph After Experimenting Four Years.

The New York "Sun" on Saturday, last, published the following especially interesting report of an exhibit given by Edison, the wizard in electricity, where moving pictures were made to talk:

Thomas A. Edison sat back in his chair and chuckled yesterday afternoon as there passed upon a screen in the theatre of his laboratory at West Orange, N. J., a procession of human beings and animals that sang and talked and shouted and played upon musical instruments and made various other noises that moving pictures never before have furnished. It was a moment of triumph, the result of four years of unremitting effort to give to the world what probably was the only development possible in the "movies," to reproduce sound synchronously with action.

"That's a little raw yet," laughed the Wizard, "but you just give us a chance and we'll show you. We're green at working these things yet."

There may have been something "raw" to the trained eyes of Thomas A. Edison, but to other spectators it seemed that success had been achieved.

When the time for the show to start came there was a short delay. The "old man," as everybody in the big factory calls Mr. Edison, couldn't be found. Finally he was found and his right hand man and chief engineer, M. R. Hutchison, gave the word to start.

For the first few seconds it looked just like regular "movies." A large man in evening dress strode down a flight of stairs and to the front of a lavishly furnished setting. When he reached the front of the "stage" things began to happen.

First the big man thrust out one arm in customary attitude and then and even the spectators who had known what was to come were surprised—he began to talk.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, and there followed an introduction to the first exhibition of talking moving pictures, real talking "movies," that has ever been seen. The speech was delivered in carefully modulated tones with articulation of the clearest, each action coinciding exactly with each expression. It was so lifelike and natural that gasps of surprise and wonderment could be heard from different parts of the darkened room.

In the course of his talk the speaking picture took up a plate and dashed it to the floor. It flew into pieces with a crash and each fragment made its individual noise in bouncing up and back. After that the picture blew a horn and a whistle and then a man came on and played the piano. A girl appeared and played "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" on the violin, and another girl sang some of the old songs, while the pianist and the violinist accompanied her.

They went away—you could hear their footsteps as they walked up the stairs—and another man appeared with two collie dogs, whose loud barks were as natural as life. It was hard to realize that those were not living beings in flesh and blood until the lights came on and broke the illusion.

That was one complete reel and it had taken just six minutes to show, two minutes longer than the ordinary phonograph disk revolves.

Four additional "sketches" were exhibited and in each the illusion was maintained. Two of these Mr. Edison hadn't seen himself before and he laughed heartily as an Irish politician in one of them delivered an impassioned political oration which his daughter, standing behind, read to him out of a newspaper. The most startling manifestation of the synchrony of sound and action came when a brick was sent crashing through a window above the speaker's head. You could plainly hear the tinkle of each piece of glass as it fell.

Men have been working upon the proposition of moving pictures that would talk for a long, long time. Mr. Edison has been at it for four years. He has literally "slept on the job," as his employees describe his absorption in his work, and when he "sleeps on the job" he has the reputation of making things go.

The moving talking idea is based upon two comparatively old propositions. The talking machine is old and the motion picture machine is old. But they have never been harnessed up together before successfully. Other inventors have had actors talk into records and then go and act the piece separately, but the illusion wasn't there, except in spots.

Mr. Edison's way is to have the talking and moving picture machines getting their impressions at the same time. They are set up side by side, at any distance up to 40 feet away from the actors, and as the character's gesture is taken by the "movie," his words are taken by the "talker." When all that is done the "movie" is placed in its usual place with its rays illuminating the screen back of which is the "talker."

How to get these two machines to work together is the problem on which Mr. Edison has worked four years.

The "timer" is some sort of contrivance that is coupled up between the two machines. The talking machine can run at only a certain speed, the speed with which the sound is made, and Mr. Edison has invented a mechanism which

prevents the moving machine from going any faster.

"The kinetophone," as the inventor has named his latest child, can be used in a room of almost any size. The one it was shown in yesterday was too small, Mr. Hutchison said, to get the best effect. In a big theatre seating 2,000 or 3,000 persons the best results can be obtained. The invention has been tried privately in one of these and every sound could be plainly heard at the very top of the gallery.

Lock Haven Woman Elopes.

A Los Angeles, California, despatch published in the Philadelphia Sunday newspapers, said:

Yesterdays were buried and pledged to remain so in the marriage last Saturday of Jack Arlington, 27 years old, better known as "Handsome Jack," a hotel clerk, of Los Angeles, recently in the limelight as the principal in a "frame-up" in the Lloyd Eddie case, a Los Angeles municipal scandal, and Estella Bitner, declared to be none other than petite Mrs. Estella Iva De Pierro, of Lock Haven, Pa., whose age is given in the marriage license application as 33.

The pair, both temporary residents of Los Angeles, eloped in an automobile, and with two friends went to Santa Anna, where they were married. Miss Bitner, recently divorced and wealthy in her own right, states that other girls were there trying to carry off "Handsome Jack" from her. She is the proprietor of Irian Apartments, of Los Angeles.

Points For Guard Officers.

A circular giving points on the manner in which company commanders have interested men in their organization of the National Guard has just been issued by Adjutant General Thomas J. Stewart. The circular presents numerous extracts from letters and reports, all of which show what is being done to keep up spirit.

In speaking of the extracts General Stewart says: "It will be noted that the method pursued varies according to the thought of the company commander, but each instance indicates initiative and originality. A plan may be successful in one locality and fail in another and therefore the company commander should study and understand the desires and limitations of the men of his command and adopt measures and do things that will interest them and give them some return, either in pleasure or knowledge for the work they do and the time they devote to the service."

Robert H. Owens Dead.

Robert H. Owens a veteran of the Civil war and one of the pioneer iron-makers in the central section of the state, died at his home at Braddock on Wednesday morning of last week of diseases incident to old age. He was the son of Henry Owens, a pioneer charcoal burnerman, and was born at Chambersburg on May 16, 1833. During his early life he was connected with the Hope and Greenwood Furnaces in Mifflin and the Martha and Bald Eagle furnaces in Centre County. He was in Johnstown with the Cambria company for twenty-one years. His funeral was held at Braddock on Sunday and was in charge of Post No. 181, Grand Army of the Republic, which he assisted in organizing.

After a heavy meal, take a couple of Doan's Regulents, and give your stomach, liver and bowels the help they will need. Regulents bring easy, regular passages of the bowels.—Advt.

Girl Dies From Injuries.

Miss Mary Catherine Cullen, who, while asleep, left her home and walked into a freight train on the Pennsylvania railroad last Monday morning, died in the Altoona hospital Thursday morning at 1.10 o'clock. Two of her sisters, Anna and Jane, were with her at the time she died. She was in a serious condition all day Monday, but on Tuesday showed such marked improvement that her left leg, which had been cut off above the ankle by the train, was operated on. She started to sink on Tuesday night and became steadily worse until she passed away.

Many ills come from impure blood. Can't have pure blood with faulty digestion, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters strengthens stomach, bowels and liver, and purifies the blood.—Advt.

Editors Sent to Jail.

R. L. S. Sheridan, publisher, and C. O. Broxon, editor of the Daily Capital News of Boise, Idaho, were sentenced to ten days in jail and fined \$500 each by the State Supreme Court last Friday for contempt. They were charged with having printed criticism of the Supreme Court uttered by Theodore Roosevelt.

WAVERTY
means highest quality and true value in
Gasolines
Lamp Oils
Lubricants
for all purposes
Direct from our independent
refineries
Free—25¢ per gallon—at lowest
Wholesale Oil Works Co.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

A FOOTBALL MYSTERY

Story of the Gridiron

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Aunt Augusta, it's time you were married. You must be thirty years old."

"I shall not be married, Ethel, dear. If I were to have a husband I would have had one a dozen years ago."

"A romance! Why, aunt, I never knew you had one. You are such a precise, prim little body. Was he as gentle a man as you are a woman?"

"Not at all. Persons of opposite make-up are more apt to mate than those who are similar. My lover was a young giant in strength. He once carried me over a stream of water deep enough to cover him to his waist and with a current so swift that few men could have kept their feet in it unburdened. I repaid him by coaching him for an examination."

"You coached him? Why, aunt, I didn't know you went to college."

"I didn't take the college course, but I lived here in this college town and followed Arthur through his studies."

"On purpose to help him?"

"Yes, but I enjoyed it."

"Tell me all about your romance. Did he jilt you?"

"No; he died. But I wouldn't like to tell you about it, because there was a mystery concerning his death—something uncanny. Though it was twelve years ago, I can't to this day talk about it without being appalled as I was then."

There was a brief silence, after which the lady continued:

"Nevertheless there is one person, and only one, for whom I shall make the effort. I shall give you, my dearest niece, the story or all I know of it, and when I have told it to you I shall never speak of it again."

"Oh, aunt!" The girl put her arm about the speaker.

"Arthur and I attended the high school together," the lady began, "and it was the oppositeness of our make-up that drew us together. Arthur was not a dull scholar, but was born with a special leaning to athletic sports. He knew all the ways of making a baseball do what he wished it to do, was a splendid tennis player and had won a championship at golf."

"But it was on the football field that he won his most brilliant triumphs. He so distinguished himself at this while in the high school that representatives from different colleges came to see him play, and the year before he went to the university athletic managers from Harvard, Yale, Princeton and other colleges bid against one another to get him for their respective colleges that he might become a member of the university team. Some of them offering to pay his way through college if he would join them."

"These big, strong fellows are apt to have some weakness. Arthur's weak point was an inability to decide small things. In this he relied upon me. He asked me which, if any, of the propositions he should accept, and I, wishing to keep him near me, told him I thought he better enter our own college team. Besides, my father was a professor here, and I was interested in the college. I didn't wish him to accept any pecuniary assistance for playing athletic games, and our university, being one of the smaller ones, could pay nothing."

"So Arthur stayed with us, and it was well he did, for I was enabled to help him through. He had the greatest admiration for my ability to solve some mathematical problem or comprehend a logical sequence, while I loved and admired him for his manly strength. What drew me to him most was his unconsciousness of the value of that strength which I prized so highly. But it is natural for weak woman to admire physical strength in man."

"Having Arthur here, we took an interest in athletics that we had never taken before, and, since he was devoted to football and would add greatly to the chances of any team he played with, our boys became interested in entering the field in the annual game with the big colleges. While Arthur was in college John Spangler was here and was made captain of the football team. Having a tower of strength in Arthur, Spangler succeeded in making up a fine team, especially the one that entered for the annual game against the other colleges, for the autumn previous to Arthur's graduation."

"Arthur ordinarily was lazy. It required something very exciting to cause him to use his strength, but when thoroughly aroused he was like a charging elephant. Captain Spangler was constantly coming to me bewailing the fact that he couldn't get his main man to be regular at practice and when he did practice it seemed impossible to wake him up to his work. Many a time I was obliged to get several girls together and go out on to the practice field in order that by my presence I might inspire Arthur to do good work."

"One thing of great importance was kept from me. Spangler knew it and should have told me, but he felt sure that if he did tell me the team would be deprived of Arthur's assistance in the game. And without Arthur the team would have no chance for winning the annual game. What they concealed from me for fear of losing him and what he concealed from me

because he knew it would throw me into infinite distress was that he had shown symptoms of a weak heart. Indeed, a doctor had warned him that any great exertion or excitement might cause him to drop dead."

"I can never think or speak of my efforts to encourage Arthur to win the game for his college without suffering. If any one who knew of his weakness had told me of it Arthur might have been alive today. I don't blame him, but I do blame them."

"Arthur carried his team through all the games preliminary to the one for the championship successfully, and when the two colleges which were to play the final game went out on to the gridiron they were our college and Yale. There had been enough honor in our having achieved such a position without this meeting, for no one expected that we could beat Yale. In deed, it was partly luck that had enabled us to beat Princeton, which gave us the right to play the game for the championship. A presentiment of evil came over me, from whence I knew not, and I wished our team would give Yale the game without a contest."

"The afternoon, late in November, that the game was played was bright and the air crisp, just the conditions for a trial of physical strength and skill. When our boys went out on to the field a great shout arose from the spectators, for all sympathized with a college comprising but a thousand students matched against one comprising several thousand. I could see Arthur, standing a head above his fellows. Indeed, before the kickoff he came very near where I sat and waved his hand to me. He looked as well as I had ever seen him, and when I smiled at him I could see that it affected him like some invigorating draft."

"While the ball was in play at a critical moment something—a piece of timber, I believe—broke in the stand where I was sitting. For a moment it caused some commotion among those sitting on the boards. The teams were fighting for the ball just below us, and Arthur hearing the crack or seeing the stir, thinking I was in danger, turned his attention to me. Seeing him standing regardless of his work, I arose in my seat and waved to him. This turned him back to the game just in time."

"Our team was certainly a wonder for so small a college and from the very beginning gave its opponents all they could do to prevent our boys from scoring, to say nothing of scoring themselves. Indeed, neither side scored during the early part of the struggle. But just before the first rest Yale made a touchdown. Soon after this heavy, wintry clouds changed the face of the day, and since the game had begun at a late hour it was difficult for the spectators to see what was going on in the field. A fierce tussle was in progress for the ball when everything suddenly stopped. I knew that an accident had occurred and was quite sure some one was being carried off the gridiron. But so many persons intervened between me and those removing him that I could see little of what was taking place."

"A chill, whether from the overhanging clouds or the accident, seemed to sweep across the field like a breeze from an iceberg. Nothing was done for some minutes. Then the game recommenced. But by this time it was so dark that it was impossible for us spectators to see what was happening on the gridiron. One gigantic form I could discern, which I took to be Arthur's in the thick of the fight, and whenever he threw himself against his opponents they gave way. I remarked to a girl sitting beside me that Arthur was doing herculean feats. She gave me a singular look, a look I shall never forget."

"Don't you see him? I asked. 'Isn't that big man driving through those fellows Arthur?'"

"She gave me another of those looks, but made no reply."

"At that moment our boys made a touchdown and kicked a goal, and some one cried, 'The only game ever won by so small a college against so large a one!' Then everybody arose, and the throng poured out of the inclosure."

"I couldn't understand why I was looked at so strangely by all who knew me. If I spoke to any of them I was answered in monosyllables. What did it mean? One thing I missed. I expected to hear persons enthusiastically giving Arthur credit for having by his prowess turned the scale in favor of our college. His name was not mentioned by my friends, who surrounded me and seemed to be forming a sort of guard about me to keep me from the others. When I got home I went up to my room to lay aside my wraps. Then my mother came in. I saw that something awful had happened."

"It was Arthur who was carried off the field. During a scrimmage he was seen to fall and lie still, his face white as a sheet. The play was stopped. A physician put his hand on Arthur's heart, and it was found to have stopped beating."

The speaker paused, and her niece asked:

"Who was the large figure in the game you thought was Arthur after he had fallen?"

"I don't know. I was the only person present, so far as I could learn, who saw him. I believed that he was Arthur in spirit and that he remained on the field to help his comrades in the flesh. But that was some years ago. Now I don't know what to think about it. Yet with my own eyes I saw him, and I knew that had it not been for him his team would not have performed the remarkable work of winning against the college that I have always considered stands highest of all American universities in athletics."

"Aunt, I can understand why you do not marry."

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An Upward Step

Made by a Station Agent

By MARK TRAVERS

James Doughty went to work in a telegraph office carrying messages when he was ten years old. When not engaged at what he was hired to do he was questioning the operators as to how they communicated with distant points, the alphabet they used and other matters pertaining to telegraphy. When he was twelve, though he would not have been fitted to fill an operator's position, he knew many things about the telegraphic system that some operators did not know, for Jimmie was of an inquiring turn of mind and was always looking into things and the reasons for their being.

When he was fourteen, being large and strong for his age, he was given a job as assistant in the construction department of a telephone company. Here, too, Jimmie wanted to know the "why and wherefore" and at the same time absorbed the practical features of making telephone lines. By the time he was eighteen years old, having the materials, he was perfectly capable of setting up a telegraph or telephone line and operating it.

The first situation of any importance Jimmie secured was that of station agent on the Y. C. and St. G. railroad. But he was only nineteen, and to secure such a place he was obliged to take a station in a desolate place, the nearest house being a mile away. At this house he took his meals, sleeping in a room over the station.

In the family with which he boarded was a country lass two or three years younger than Jimmie, whose blue eyes and yellow hair naturally had an effect on the young station agent. A single girl off by herself is to a young man as a jackknife is to a boy. That same knife in a store among a hundred other knives is not nearly so beautiful as when he gets it home.

It wasn't long before Jimmie and Kitty concluded that it would not be half so lonely for Jimmie if they could build a little nest nearer the station, where they would dwell together. Jimmie had the framework of a small house and the other necessary parts shipped to him. The people thereabouts got together for a house raising, and Kitty's pop, with occasional help from Jimmie, did the rest, except the painting, which Jimmie did at such times as he could leave the station.

When all was finished those who had helped to build the nest were invited to the wedding and after it was over left the young couple in their new home. The first thing Jimmie did after they were married was to build a telephone from the station to his home. He located the station end of it in the room above, which he had used for a bedroom. In order that if any one came in while he was talking with his wife he might not be overheard. There was a steep, narrow staircase leading up to this room from the waiting room, ticket and telegraph office below.

He wrote to his old employers, the telephone company, to send him the apparatus he needed, knowing that they had plenty such material in old stock, and they made him a present of an outfit, including a desk transmitter and receiver. Since there were nights that he was obliged to remain at the station he put the instrument between his cot and the side of the house. Since the latter was not plastered there was a convenient place for it between two joists and the clapboards. Often when he was about to snatch an hour's sleep he would throw himself on the cot, pick up the instrument, call Kitty for a few words, then set it down again on the floor. The wires passed directly out of the house, down behind a water spout and thence underground to Jimmie's home.

During the day, when confined to the station, he would often go upstairs, especially after the baby came, to call on Kitty and ask her how she was getting on, if she wanted anything and to send a kiss for both mother and child. One day while thus engaged a person came into the station, and since the room below was neither sealed nor plastered Jim was overheard. After that when telephoning, upon hearing a step below, he wrapped his head and the instrument in a bedquilt, which deadened the sound.

These details may seem unimportant, but a time came when they were a turning point in Jimmie's life. But that was not for some time after his marriage. Meanwhile he was thinking about his wife and baby's future. The appearance of a helpless child in a man's life stimulates him to action. Jimmie was not getting on very fast in accumulating surplus funds, and he felt the responsibilities resting upon him. He didn't like the idea in case he should die of leaving his wife with no income, and as for the baby, a boy, he wished him to have the advantage of an education. That meant the wherewithal to secure one. Since the father had not been able to get much education himself, he understood the disadvantage of being thus deprived and was all the more eager that his son should be favored.

Jim was now a man of twenty-five years. One night there were extra trains on the railroad making their

way between the regular numbers, and Jim was obliged to remain at the station. He was sitting at his operating table "dispatching" when he thought he heard the station door creak, but he was too busy to pay any attention to it. The clicking of his instrument went on, drowning any light sound that might be made. Suddenly he heard a click, not of his instrument, but of an entirely different kind. It came from behind him. He turned, and there stood a masked man covering him with a revolver.

"Young man," said the intruder, "another touch on that key and I pull on this trigger. Is the westbound express on time?"

For a few moments Jim could not find voice to reply. Then another period slipped by, during which he was thinking what he could do to save the express from robbery. In all perhaps twenty seconds passed. The man advanced a step and placed the muzzle of the revolver against the agent's cheek.

"It's twenty-five minutes late," said Jim.

"What?"

Jim repeated what he had said. Had the train been on time it would have been due in ten minutes. A holdup at or near the station was undoubtedly intended, and this lapse of time was not relished by the masked man. He was joined by two more men, also masked, and, having ordered the agent away from the instrument, they held a conference. Then the one who had entered first turned to Jim and was about to say something when he saw a lantern of red glass sitting beside the operating table.

"Oh, there it is," he said, and, taking up the lantern, he put a lighted match to the wick. Pulling a silver watch from his pocket, he glanced at it and remarked to the others that they were obliged to wait half an hour. Then he said:

"One of you will have to take care of this young man."

"Can't we put him out of the way?" suggested one of the others. "There's only three of us to do the job, and we can't spare a man for that. Can't we lock him up somewhere?"

He glanced about and, seeing the stairway leading to Jim's room above, seized the lantern and ran up with it. In a few minutes he returned and told the others that there was a room on the second story to hold the operator if they could make it safe. Then he hunted about till he found a hammer and some nails and, returning, securely nailed the windows. Jim was put in the room and the door nailed so firmly that he could not possibly open it.

At this Jim was delighted. Not fearing to be interrupted, he seized his telephone instrument. But, hearing the men below, he paused. Had he not better wait till they had gone out? No. They would go out only to stop and rob the train, and that would be too late. Covering his head and the receiver with his bedclothing, he called Kitty.

"What is it?"

"Robbers, who are going to hold up the westbound express. Take a lantern and run as fast as you can by the road—don't light the lantern—to the trestlework. The woods will screen you. Light the lantern and stop the train."

There was a quick step on the stairs, and some one stopped at the door. Those below had evidently heard sounds and had come up to see what they meant. But they had nailed up the door and couldn't get in. After listening a few minutes the man went down again.

Jim knew that his wife had time to reach the place he had indicated, where she was not likely to be observed by the robbers, for he could still hear them downstairs and concluded that they would signal the train from the station. As the time passed and he still heard them moving about below he gathered confidence. He stood looking at his watch till it was nearly time for the train to arrive, then heard the men go out together.

There was an anxious wait for Jim, nailed up as he was, for another twenty minutes, not knowing whether Kitty or the robbers had succeeded. Then came a ring at his telephone bell.

"Is it you, Kitty?" he asked.

"Yes," came the voice of one gasping for breath.

"Did you stop 'em?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"They went back two miles to G. to get some firearms."

"What else?"

"That's all I know."

"Good for you, little girl. Our fortune is made."

"Why?"

"This train carries treasure. You have saved it. I can ask for a better position."

When Jim was let out of his prison he learned that after getting an additional supply of arms the train had come on, been signaled to stop, had obeyed the signal, and when the robbers advanced to kill the express messenger they had been received by a volley. One robber was killed outright and the two others were badly wounded.

Jim was relieved from his station and ordered to report at the general offices of the road. There he was informed that he might have his choice of several important stations. The express company sent for the woman who had signaled the train and presented her with a check for \$5,000. To her husband they also gave \$1,000. In the express car of the train that was to have been held up was \$40,000 in currency.

James Doughty is now division superintendent of a telephone company, and his son is a student in college.

HYGIENE OF VIOLINS.

The Proper Kind of Case For These Sensitive Instruments.

The violin and violoncello are most sensitive to atmospheric conditions and suffer from atmospheric variations quite as much as the tender vocal cords of the singer. Those who have attempted to make the violin an ornament by hanging it upon the wall have had reason to repent taking such a liberty. The violin loses its varnish and gradually its pitch and timbre. The artificial heat of rooms in winter makes its tone raucous when it does not obliterate it entirely. Metal cases, morocco covered, are equally unfit for it. A strong, well varnished wooden case, even though it be not especially attractive to the eye, suits the susceptibilities of the violin much better.

Certain qualities, sometimes unsuspected, in the wood play an important part in the falsification of notes, causing progressive deterioration. There was a time when manufacturers applied to their product several coats of "paint"—i. e., a concentrated solution of bichromate of sodium potash in boiling water. The wood soon acquired a yellow tone, and under the action of light after drying the color darkened and took on the aspect of very old paint.

For commercial purposes this was all very well, but what happened to the purchaser was that as soon as he began to use his instrument exposed to the light the bichromate worked on the gelatin, which the manufacturers employed to color the wood and prevent the penetrating of the varnish while some element in the bichromate of soda was converted into stone. The violin suffered petrification, which impeded its tone and rendered it useless.—Harper's Weekly.

JEWELS MADE OF ROSES.

How the Dainty Petals Are Turned Into Fragrant Trinkets.

There could scarcely be a lovelier gift than a string of tiny beads, an amulet or a trinket to slip among your kerchiefs and laces to keep them sweet, made of roses and of the love and taste and patience that must go into the fashioning of such a gift.

The making of rose trinkets is an ancient custom revived, and roses made hundreds of years ago are fragrant today.

Gather the rose petals when the dew is on them and screen them clear of every foreign substance. Put the clean, dewy petals through a food chopper—the finer they are ground the better—and all the house will smell of roses. Spread the pulp on a china platter and set it in the sun for three days, stirring in a few drops of spring water now and again to keep it moist. When the pulp "works" in the sun and reaches the consistency of a light foamy dough that can be pressed smooth without crumbling it is ready to mold.

Before they are quite dry run a good sized baton straight through the middle of the beads or amulets into a board and set the board in the sun for ten days and they will grow hard and fragrant. Thread the beads on a strand of silk, the amulets on fine ribbon, and the older they grow the sweeter they will smell.—Christian Herald.

Plucky Birds.

Compared with mammals, parental love is stronger in birds. In protecting their nests and young, birds often show courage and strategy, more or less of which is doubtless inherited. Even the so-called dangerous mammals, the bears, mountain lions, wild cats and other mammals that are best able to protect themselves, seldom make a stand against domestic intrusion. Rarely do they attempt to entice an enemy from their home by strategic means, but at the first warning of danger they either hide or watch the intruder from a safe distance. But there are very few species of birds that do not attempt to defend their homes in some way, and even the most timid evince more intelligence than most mammals.—Collier's.

Fishes and Lightning.

A peculiar sensitiveness to lightning has been noted in fishes. In several cases trout and other fishes in tanks and ponds have died from the effects of lightning, which, however, was a considerable distance away.



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RURAL CONFERENCE

Numerous Subjects to be Considered by Grangers at Harrisburg.

Speaking of the proposed conference in Harrisburg on January 20 of people interested in the rural project, rural credit and other things, William T. Creasy, master of the state grange, said: "The conference will be a general meeting, a sort of get together affair. We want to get things started on a definite basis. There will be grangers who are interested in co-operation and rural matters; rural progress people; conservationists, bankers, on the matter of credits; railroad men on transportation of products, storage, delivery and rates; teachers on vocational education and agricultural instruction and others who may be interested. I think it will be an important conference for the state. Whether it will result in bills I cannot say. The idea is to find out how people feel and then agree on a program which I think is the way to obtain results. A good many thoughtful men are working out these ideas and are anxious to see them put into effect. My belief is that such a conference will have far-reaching and beneficial results."

Mr. Creasy said that the project for the Grangers' Co-operative association was working out and that much interest was being manifested. He said that it would be in operation before long and would result in advantages for rural communities.

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BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD, On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909, trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

WESTWARD.		A. M.				P. M.			
		1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4
Lv. Bellefonte		6:30	7:10	8:10	9:00	2:00	2:40	3:40	4:30
Coleville		6:35	7:15	8:15	9:05	2:05	2:45	3:45	4:35
Morris		6:40	7:20	8:20	9:10	2:10	2:50	3:50	4:40
Stevens		6:45	7:25	8:25	9:15	2:15	2:55	3:55	4:45
Hunters Park		6:50	7:30	8:30	9:20	2:20	3:00	4:00	4:50
Fillmore		6:55	7:35	8:35	9:25	2:25	3:05	4:05	4:55
Briarley		7:00	7:40	8:40	9:30	2:30	3:10	4:10	5:00
Waddles		7:05	7:45	8:45	9:35	2:35	3:15	4:15	5:05
Krumrine		7:10	7:50	8:50	9:40	2:40	3:20	4:20	5:10
State College		7:15	7:55	8:55	9:45	2:45	3:25	4:25	5:15
Strables		7:20	8:00	9:00	9:50	2:50	3:30	4:30	5:20
Bloomdort		7:25	8:05	9:05	9:55	2:55	3:35	4:35	5:25
Pine Grove Mills		7:30	8:10	9:10	10:00	3:00	3:40	4:40	5:30

* Daily, † Daily except Sunday, ‡ Stop 500

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

EASTWARD		A. M.				P. M.			
		1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4
Lv. Pine Grove Mills		7:30	8:10	9:10	10:00	3:00	3:40	4:40	5:30
Bloomdort		7:35	8:15	9:15	10:05	3:05	3:45	4:45	5:35
Strables		7:40	8:20	9:20	10:10	3:10	3:50	4:50	5:40
State College		7:45	8:25	9:25	10:15	3:15	3:55	4:55	5:45
Krumrine		7:50	8:30	9:30	10:20	3:20	4:00	5:00	5:50
Waddles		7:55	8:35	9:35	10:25	3:25	4:05	5:05	5:55
Briarley		8:00	8:40	9:40	10:30	3:30	4:10	5:10	6:00
Fillmore		8:05	8:45	9:45	10:35	3:35	4:15	5:15	6:05
Hunters Park		8:10	8:50	9:50	10:40	3:40	4:20	5:20	6:10
Stevens		8:15	8:55	9:55	10:45	3:45	4:25	5:25	6:15
Morris		8:20	9:00	10:00	10:50	3:50	4:30	5:30	6:20
Coleville		8:25	9:05	10:05	10:55	3:55	4:35	5:35	6:25
Bellefonte		8:30	9:10	10:10	11:00	4:00	4:40	5:40	6:30

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 2 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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Here and There.

White Camphor Liniment for pain, 25c—at Green's.

Miss Emily Valentine is the guest of Mr. and G. Murry Andrews.

David J. Gingery, of Martha, was a business visitor in town yesterday.

Former Sheriff Robert Cook, of Howard, greeted friends in town yesterday.

Mrs. J. L. Spangler has been indisposed for several days and has been confined to her bed.

Robert D. Musser and daughter, of Spring Mills, were visitors in town between trains yesterday.

Rev. and Mrs. John Hewitt departed on Tuesday for St. Louis, expecting to be gone several weeks.

David Chambers and Mr. and Mrs. James Uzzle, of Snow Shoe, motored to Bellefonte on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lawson, of Milton, were last week guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilmour.

John Lane, who visited at his home in Cambridge over Christmas, returned to Bellefonte on Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. William Devoe, of Sewickley, arrived in Bellefonte on Tuesday and are guests of Miss Margarette Potter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Laird Curtin are receiving congratulations on the birth of a little daughter on Saturday morning of last week.

W. Talmage Hafer, son of Dr. A. W. Hafer, is serving as an assistant clerk at the Bush House, taking up his new duties yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Shoemaker and daughter, Martha, departed on Saturday for New York, where the latter is attending school.

Miss Julia Curtin and nephew, Gregg Sheldon, who had been in New York since before Christmas, returned home on Monday evening.

Mrs. Louise Comerford has closed her house in Howard and will spend the remainder of the winter in Bellefonte with her sister, Mrs. S. Cameron Burnside.

A small impromptu dance was given at the town hall on Saturday night by the younger set as a farewell to the college girls who were home for the holidays.

Bellefonte friends of Mrs. Peter Collins will learn with regret of her death on Friday, last, at St. David's, near Philadelphia. The interment was made on Monday.

Mrs. Thomas K. Morris and son, King, returned on Saturday to their home in Pittsburgh, after spending the holidays here with the parents of Mrs. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. P. Gray Meek.

The second quarterly meeting of the Free Methodist church will be held in the Forge church at Bellefonte, Pa., January 14-16. The public is cordially invited.

A. J. HILL, D. E. S. STIMER, Pastor.

The venerable Herman Holz departed on Tuesday for New York, hoping that a little change in things in general might prove beneficial to his health. He was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Louis Friedman, of New York, who had been visiting here for the last few days.

Gay Zettle, formerly of Penns valley, but now a resident of Freeport, Illinois, is spending several weeks visiting with Centre County friends. He was a Bellefonte visitor on Saturday and Monday and found his time pretty well taken up in greeting friends. He is a distant relative of former County Commissioner Daniel Heckman.

The Publicity Committee of The Woman's Club calls attention to the Study Class recently organized. Please bear in mind that this is an opportunity for everybody, men and women, whether club members or not. Greater enjoyment and benefit will be derived if some reading on the subject is done beforehand. No questions will be asked and there will be no examinations, but volunteer discussions will be appreciated. The subject for January 20 is "The Discovery of America."

The Parent-Teachers Association extend a cordial invitation to the citizens of Bellefonte to attend a lecture on "Adolescence" given by Dean Holmes, of State College, Tuesday evening, January 14th, at 8 o'clock, in the New High School. Dean Holmes was one of the very able lecturers at the last Teachers' Institute. His subject, covering as it does that period of the child's life from twelve to sixteen years, should prove of general interest to the community. It is hoped that as large an attendance will be secured as the reputation of Dean Holmes as a lecturer and the importance of his subject warrant.

Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue G. W. Rees last week made his final trip to Phillipsburg in an official capacity, that town having been taken from his regular territory. Owing to the additional burdens placed upon deputy collectors by the consolidation of the Twelfth with the Ninth district, Collector Hershey directed that Phillipsburg be dropped from the territory covered by Mr. Rees and added to the section handled by Deputy Collector A. P. Kraggy, of Altoona. While the new order is one welcomed by Mr. Rees, since it cuts down his labors, it is also one that causes him no little regret, for he has many warm friends in Phillipsburg which made it a pleasure for him to visit that town.

Our esteemed fellow-townsmen W. L. Daggett, proprietor of the Bush House, is contemplating a visit to old home scenes in Tioga County in the hope that he may rebuild his health. Some weeks ago he contracted a heavy cold and despite all he has been able to do it has persisted in hanging on and making life miserable for him. He has suffered considerably from neuralgia and has at times been confined to his bed. He has been up and about this week, but seems to lack his old-time strength and vigor. Once before, when the seashore and other resorts failed to build him up he tried the climate of Tioga County. The result was almost magical, for he gained 16 pounds in a few weeks. With this thought encouraging him he is strongly in favor of trying the same climate a second time and hopes to get away just as soon as the weather clears up.

Aromatic Antiseptic Tooth Wash, 25c—at Green's.

Miss Elizabeth Morris gave a tea on Tuesday of last week.

Edward Irvin departed on Tuesday on a business trip to Cherry Tree.

Mr. and Mrs. David Barlett were visitors in Altoona over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald S. Potter entertained a few friends on New Year's eve.

Arthur Valentine and son are visiting with the former's aunt, Miss Emily Natt.

Mrs. William S. Furst is critically ill from typhoid fever at her home in Overbrook, Philadelphia.

Mrs. H. M. Bidwell has been very delightfully entertaining her sister, Mrs. Eva Snyder, of Jersey Shore.

Seigmund Joseph and Harry Holz, of the big Joseph & Co. store, were business visitors to Altoona on Sunday.

The Bellefonte Academy resumed studies on Tuesday, following the Christmas and New Year's holiday vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. John Blanchard are receiving congratulations on the birth of a little daughter, on Sunday afternoon, last.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Ward Fleming, who enjoyed a visit here during the holiday season, have returned to their home in Phillipsburg.

The trustee in bankruptcy sale of the W. H. Macker store was held on Tuesday morning, the disposal of goods continuing all day.

Mrs. Charles A. Lukenbach, now residing in Detroit, Michigan, is a house guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Garman, on East Curtin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Sheffer departed on Saturday, last, for Scranton, to visit for a few days with the latter's father, who is in poor health.

Mrs. Robert Fay returned on Tuesday afternoon to her home in Altoona, after a brief visit here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Lane.

New display cases were this week placed in the Wallace cigar store, under the First National Bank, greatly adding to the appearance of that popular stand.

"The Republican" is in receipt of very acceptable New Year's greetings from Wilson Williams, a valued reader at Martha Furnace. May the year 1913 be good to him.

LeRoy Locke, a student at Haverford College, returned to his studies on Sunday, after enjoying the holiday season in Bellefonte with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. M. J. Locke.

Dr. R. G. H. Hayes returned home from Philadelphia on Tuesday having gone that far with his daughter, Miss Eleanor Hayes, on her return trip to Sweet Briar College.

Hugh Taylor, Jr., son of Colonel Hugh S. Taylor, returned last week to the Porter Military Academy, at Charleston, South Carolina, after a delightful visit to his home here during the holiday season.

Mrs. Frank McCoy and daughter, Miss Anna McCoy, and Miss Kate D. Shugert returned last Thursday from Atlantic City, where Miss Shugert has been convalescing following her operation for appendicitis.

Miss Grace Mitchell, who visited over the holiday season with her sister, Mrs. John Porter Lyon, returned on Monday to the Westover School, Connecticut, at which institution she is an instructor in mathematics.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harper and little child, who visited in Bellefonte over New Year's day, returned on Sunday to Columbus, Ohio, where Mr. Harper is engaged as an instructor at the Ohio State University.

The presence of their son, Ensign Trood Bidwell, enlivened the holiday season at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bidwell. Trood is on the battleship Minnesota and was fortunate enough to obtain a furlough at the nicest time in the year for a visit home.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morris, of Wayne, will occupy the Harper property, on West Linn Street, and not the Edith Schad home, on Spring Street. The Harper home is now being put in readiness for their occupancy.

We are indebted to A. J. Shipley, a valued reader at Unionville, for a kindly letter advancing his subscription to "The Republican" another year. As is noted in another column, the venerable B. W. Shipley, also of Unionville, offers a valuable farm for sale or rent.

Mrs. E. H. Vocum, who has been visiting for some weeks in Scranton, will return to her home here today. She had intended accompanying her husband home, but had the misfortune to fall and injure her knee and was therefore compelled to remain at Scranton until this week.

Bellefonte borough Council couldn't scrape up a quorum for the regular meeting on Monday evening, the first scheduled for the new year. It was the weather, together with the fact that two or more members were out of town. An interesting feature is that during 1912 not a single ordinance of any character was passed.

A very genial and welcome caller at "The Republican" office on Monday was Ellis Pletcher, a Howard young man who has been making good in the steamship service along the great lakes, with headquarters at Detroit, Michigan. He is spending the winter at Howard, where he is well known and has a host of friends.

Because the close confinement to business has been none too beneficial to his health, Henry S. Linn has concluded to dispose of his china store between now and April 1st, at which time he will retire, temporarily at least. Henry has lots of friends and his personality contributed much toward the success of his well known place of business.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Mayes arrived in Bellefonte this week from their honeymoon tour and will go to house-keeping in the Miss Mollie Snyder house, nearby the Academy. Their wedding occurred at Johnstown on Tuesday of last week. The bride was Miss Martha Ellen Hamor, a well known and popular young lady of Johnstown. Mr. Mayes, as is well known, is train despatcher for the Central Railroad Co. of Penna.

"Compound Witch Hazel Salve," a great healer, 25c—at Green's.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Blair are visiting with friends in Philadelphia.

Hon. Leonard Rhone, of Centre Hall, was a visitor in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. J. E. Maginness, of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lyon.

J. H. Turner, of Julian, was a pleasant visitor at "The Republican" office on Tuesday, his mission being to extend a New Year's greeting of a substantial character and one which proved entirely acceptable to us.

M. and Mrs. R. B. Fry are home again, after being summoned to Pittsburgh by a telegram telling of an accident to their son, Walter E. Fry. The latter is a brakeman on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and had the misfortune to be caught and painfully squeezed between two trains. His parents arrived at Pittsburgh at the earliest moment possible and saw to it that he had everything in the way of care and attention. He was removed to a hospital, where his injuries were cared for and now, we are glad to note, he is getting along splendidly.

What the Newspaper Does.

Speaking of what a newspaper does in a community the late United States Senator Davis, of Illinois, made an address in which he said. Every year each local paper gives from \$20 to \$1,000 in free lines to the city in which it is located, in boosting, praising and for lodges, churches, schools, etc. No other agency can or will do this. The editor in proportion to his means, does more for his town than any other man and he ought to be supported, not because you like and admire him and his style, but because a local paper is the best investment a community can make. Today the local papers are doing more for less pay than anything on earth, and its a fact in many cases of free notices.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Steven Kachik,	Clarence
Mary Kachik,	
George Houser,	State College
Catherine Runkle,	" "
Edward W. Mayes,	Penna. Furnace
Mary Heberling,	" "
Edward R. Mitchell,	Fleming
Clara B. Shirk,	Runville
Frank Homan,	State College
May Myers,	Pine Grove Mills

Fine Gift to Y. M. C. A.

On New Year's day A. A. Stevens, of Tyrone, presented the Y. M. C. A., of that place, a deed for a site for a new building to be erected during the coming summer. The ground is on Logan Avenue, between Tenth and Eleventh Streets, and is valued at \$4000. The gift was presented as a memorial to the late George E. Stevens, who was a son of A. A. Stevens and who was actively interested in Y. M. C. A. work.

After Guardians of America.

Attorney General Bell at Harrisburg on Monday made application to the Dauphin county court for a rule to show cause why the Guardians of America, a fraternal organization of Sharon, Pa., should not be declared insolvent and its affairs turned over to the state insurance department for liquidation. The rule was made returnable, January 27.

Institute at Pine Grove.

The Teachers' Local Institute of District No. 2, will be held at Pine Grove Mills on January 18, and the ladies of the Lutheran church will serve a chicken dinner in the I. O. O. F. hall, at 25c per plate, also a festival in the evening. A splendid dinner is assured all who are so fortunate as to be present.

Conductor Fractures Hip.

Benjamin F. Perks, of Osceola, the popular passenger conductor on the Moshannon branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, had the misfortune to fall on the ice at Osceola on Sunday evening and sustain a fractured hip. He was removed to the Phillipsburg hospital, where he is resting comfortably.

Company L Inspection.

The regular army inspection for Company L, of this place, will be held in the Armory on the evening of Friday, February 7. The members of the Company are drilling every Tuesday and Friday evening to be ready for the event.

Partner of P. E. Womelsdorff.

G. Frank Dunkle, for many years associated with P. E. Womelsdorff, of Phillipsburg, as an assistant mining engineer, on New Year's day became a member of the firm, which will be known as Womelsdorff & Dunkle.

Engagement Announced.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Jeannette Allport, of Phillipsburg, and Mr. Harry Scholl, of Clearfield.

Shoe Repairing.

Persons desiring first class workmanship in the making or repairing of shoes will do well to call on Thomas Fleming, whose shop is on the second floor of the Bush Arcade. The prices will be found to be right and the workmanship unexcelled.

"Cydoline," the great skin beautifier, 25c—at Green's.

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WEDNESDAY

Any Pair of Boys' Pants

In Our Store with the one exception of Blue Serges at exactly one-half price marked. Mixed Colorings--Corduroys--Bloomers--Plain cut pants all the same

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Pure Worsteds, Cheviots and fine Cassimeres

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\$11.50 " \$15 " " "

\$13.50 " \$18 " " "

\$15.00 " \$20 " " "

\$16.00 " \$22 " " "

\$18.50 " \$25 " " "

\$20.00 " \$28 " " "

\$22.00 " \$30 " " "

Trousers, Raincoats, Evening Clothes, Fur lined Coats, etc. at reduced prices.

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Correct Attire For Man & Boy

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